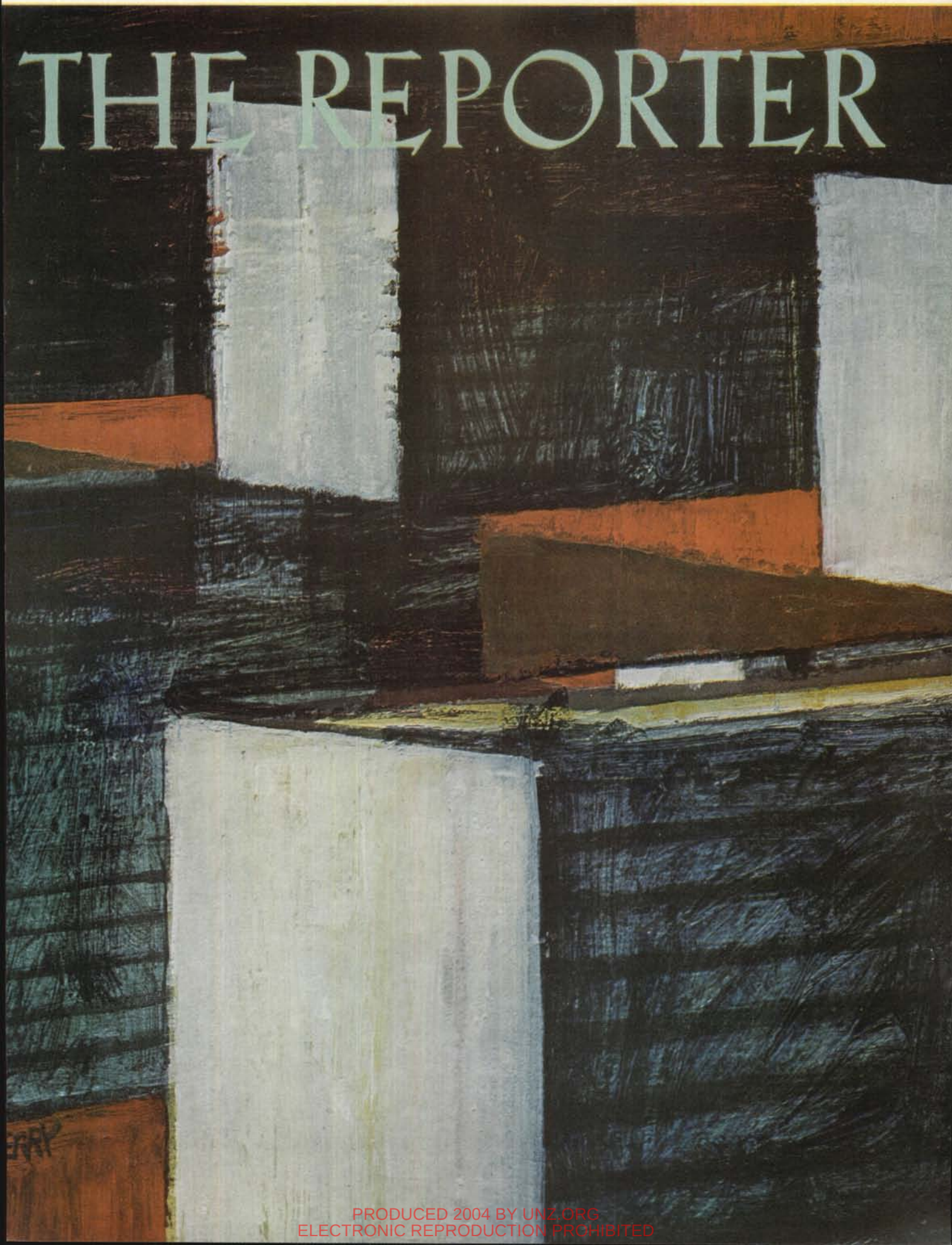
A Civil-Rights Setback in Southern Courts

February 23, 1967 35¢

BRASILIA COMES OF AGE

THE REPORTER



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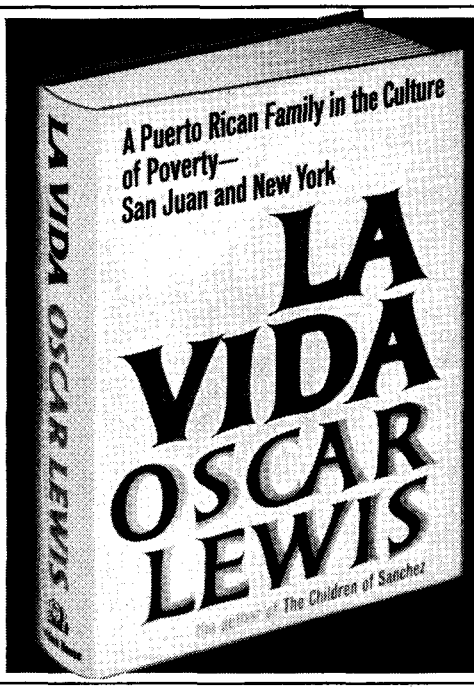

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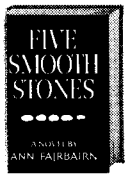

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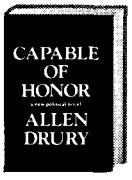

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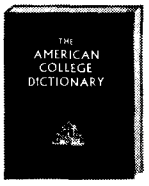

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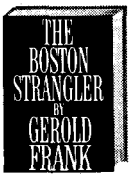

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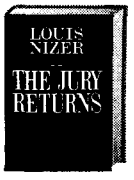

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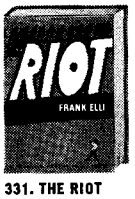

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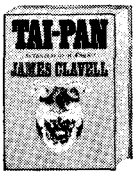

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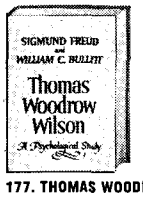

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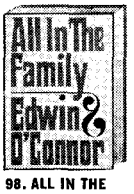

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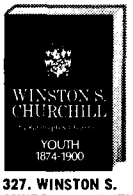

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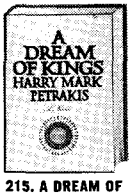

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Watching the Oceans: A report from General Dynamics

Wouldn't it be nice if you could plan a vacation and *know* weeks ahead that the weather would be good?

Actually, 24-hour local forecasting is right almost 85 percent of the time. But longer range prediction—on which can depend anything from a vacation trip to the success of a year's wheat crop—is far less certain.

Even though information from hundreds of full-time land weather stations is supplemented by measurements in the upper atmosphere and reports from weather satellites, a vital link in the chain has been missing.

Weather is essentially born or modified as a result of the interaction of sun and air with the oceans that cover two-thirds of the earth's surface.

Oceanography and meteorology can be considered two faces of the same coin—the study of the total marine environment. And relatively little is known about it yet.

Seagoing "weather bureau":

What has been needed to fill the gap is an oceanographic "weather bureau."

It would have to stay in place in the deepest part of the sea, regardless of storm or current; collect environmental information from the atmosphere, the surface and the depths; send that information regularly and correctly back to land.

And it would have to do all these jobs without human presence for long periods of time.

With a network of such sea stations seeded throughout the world, oceanic information could be integrated with that obtained from land stations and from space. Meteorologists could determine the patterns that will create the weather next week, or perhaps months hence.

Oceanographers could analyze the subsurface currents, the levels of dissolved nutrients in the water, the migratory patterns of fish to anticipate their location for commercial fishing.

And with navigation lights, fog horns and radar beacons at known positions, such a network would provide invaluable navigation aid for ships.

Monster buoys:

Today, the beginning of such a worldwide system may be at hand—an ocean data station, more commonly known as a monster buoy, developed and built by General Dynamics for the United States Navy's Office of Naval Research.

The first prototype has been undergoing sea trials since 1964, collecting and sending its information through calm and hurricane.

This ocean data system consists of a giant pieplate-shaped buoy, forty feet in diameter and seven and one-half feet deep, containing an assortment of environmental measuring devices and the electronic and power equipment to collect and transmit to shore the data acquired.

It can be "locked" in place, moored to an ocean floor as deep as 30,000 feet, by a plaited nylon cable only two inches thick. Although the buoys are presently designed to operate for a year at a time without human maintenance, the conventional propane-powered generator systems that provide electricity for the buoy's operation carry a two-year supply of fuel.

Unlike a traditional ship, which exaggerates the motion of waves, particularly in side-to-side pendulum-like rolling, the symmetrical, discus-shaped buoy hull follows the slope of the waves, reducing pitching and rolling to a minimum. Its stability keeps its omnidirectional antenna in proper position to radio information to a shore analysis station.

Defies hurricanes:

No one really knows just how rough the weather might get in a full-scale typhoon or hurricane—defined only as a cyclonic storm with winds of over 75 miles per hour—because of the obvious difficulty of humans taking accurate measurements under such conditions.

The General Dynamics/ONR ocean data station was designed to withstand winds of 160 miles per hour and waves 60 feet high.

Buoy Bravo, the first prototype, remained in place under winds of 110 miles per hour and waves 50 feet high during Hurricane Betsy in 1965, with no interruption in its flow of information. Its elastic nylon mooring line permits the buoy to drift slightly and then pull back to position without dragging its "anchor" of steel chain.

Typhoons and hurricanes, luckily occur only occasionally. But the intensely corrosive environment of the sea is constant. For protection, the buoy's steel hull, mast and antennae are coated with inorganic zinc and several layers of vinyl.

A hundred tests:

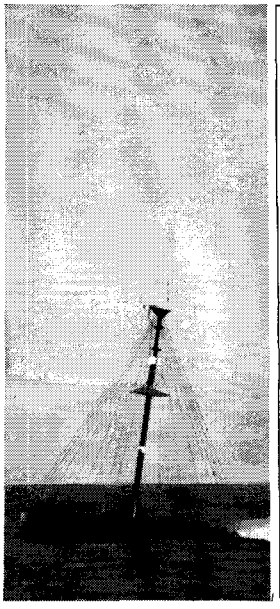
An assortment of sensors can be located on the 38-foot-high mast and on the radial spokes of the discone antenna to measure wind, humidity, precipitation, radiation (from the sky and reflected back from the sea), barometric pressure, and compass bearing.

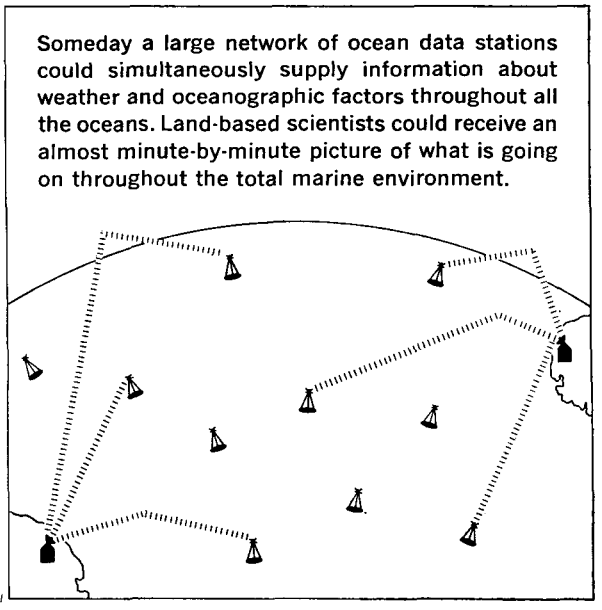
Others inside and immediately under the hull will read water temperature at the surface, wave height, period and direction.

Clamped along the mooring line at regular intervals underwater, still others will measure temperature, pressure and salinity and determine the structure of subsurface layers of the depths.

Inside the hull, rugged electronic components and circuitry will acquire, store and transmit information from as many as 100 separate sensors.

These subsystems will be packaged





Someday a large network of ocean data stations could simultaneously supply information about weather and oceanographic factors throughout all the oceans. Land-based scientists could receive an almost minute-by-minute picture of what is going on throughout the total marine environment.

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in containers purged with nitrogen and hermetically sealed to provide an inert, absolutely dry, environment. The buoy at sea will provide better conditions for electronic equipment than does a dust-temperature-humidity-controlled laboratory ashore.

The data acquisition system will look at every sensor once an hour (or it can be monitored more often; individual sensors can be checked continually). Measurements will go into both a magnetic core memory with a capacity of 24 hours of data and a recorder that will store a full year's information.

Every six hours a ground station will interrogate the buoy, commanding it to transmit all information accumulated during the past twenty-four hours. Each discharge of data will provide an eighteen-hour overlap, giving scientists a continuous record.

The ground station will also instruct the buoy to transmit data on the particular one of its three radio channels which will assure best reception on shore of long-distance "bounce" off the ionosphere.

Benefit for all nations:

A few prototype monster buoys do not, to be sure, constitute a full-scale oceanic environmental survey. They do provide a starting point for a truly international system—one in which all nations would share, and from which all would benefit.

But now that the practicality of an ocean data station has been proved, the many elements of a total system are already being worked out: the optimum number and locations of stations to provide simultaneous coverage throughout the seas; ways to integrate at central analysis stations the ocean data with that from land and space; techniques of maintenance and replenishment for the seaborne network; development of devices to measure many kinds of subsurface phenomena.

The day when data stations will be dotted throughout the oceans for a genuine oceanographic-meteorological environmental watch could come within a decade.

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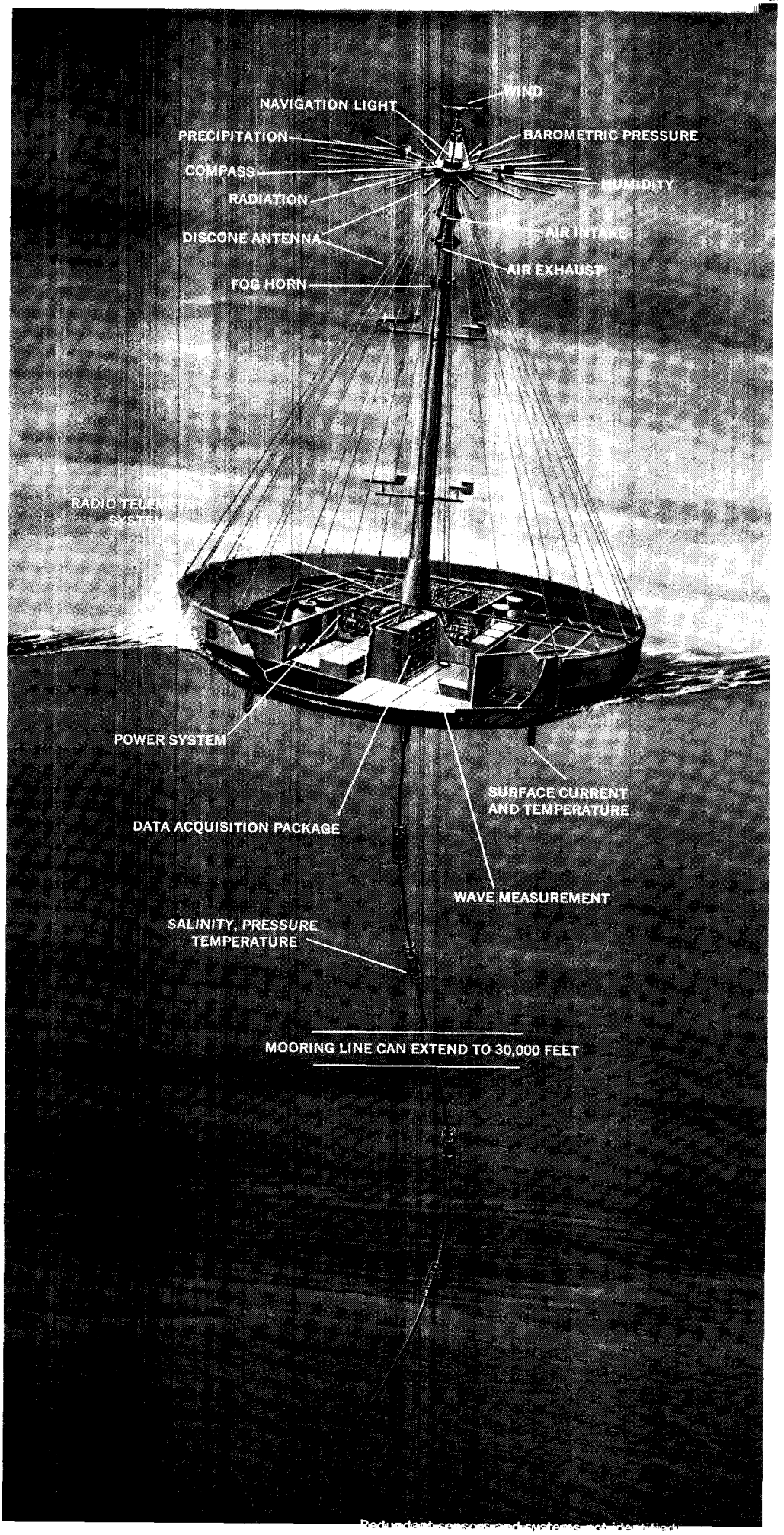

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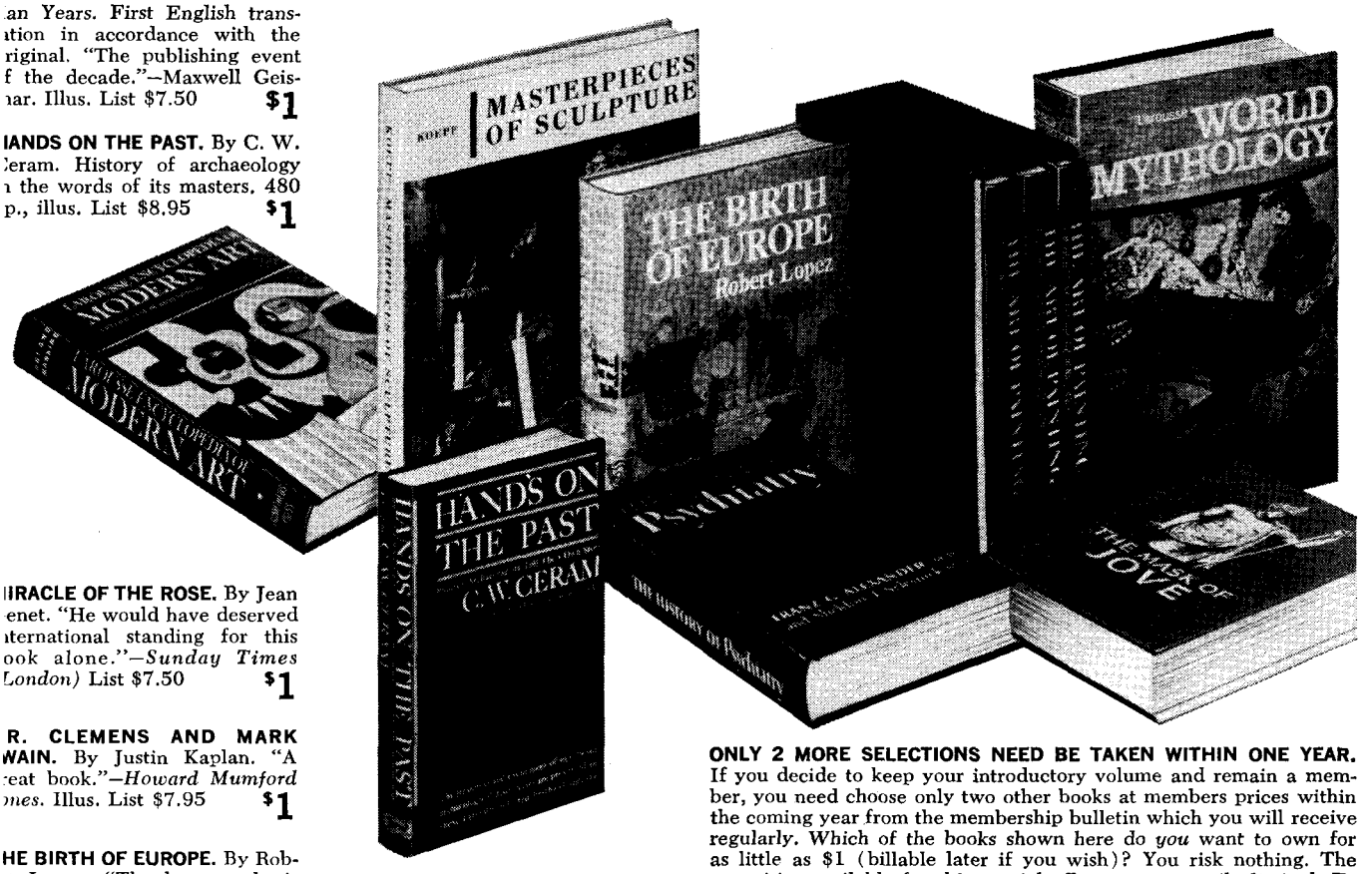

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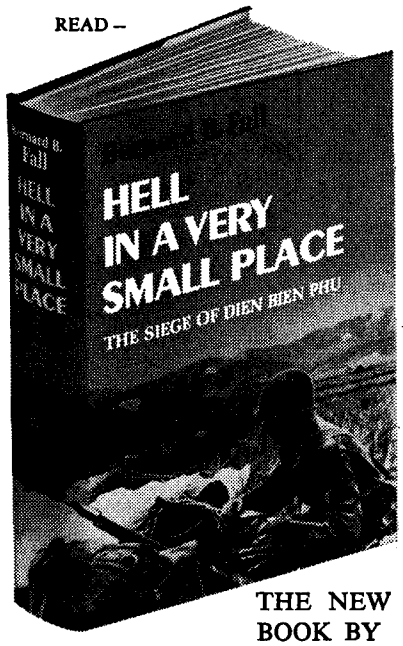

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

THE civil-rights movement, particularly in the South, is going through a difficult period. The flow of volunteers and contributions which helped Negroes to dramatize their cause and which brought landmark legal and legislative victories has been ebbing. In its wake a combination of white reaction and Negro extremism has weakened support for most of the rights organizations at a time when they are engaged in the less dramatic but vital tasks of making the new laws work. In the Deep South this job falls to a large degree on a small group of Northern lawyers associated with a very few of the few Negro attorneys. Until recently these Northern lawyers have been allowed to appear in Southern courts where almost no other defense could be found for civil-rights defendants. Now, **George B. Driesen** reports, the local judges and bar associations are mounting a determined effort to deny out-of-state lawyers the right to practice. Mr. Driesen served as a volunteer lawyer for the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee in the South last fall. . . . One man who has big plans to ride on the reactionary wave is George Wallace. **Jules Witcover** interviewed Wallace in the Alabama Capitol office from which he runs the state while his wife fulfills the ceremonial functions of governor. From the interview, it is apparent that Wallace thinks he has an outside chance for the Presidency as candidate of a third party. Mr. Witcover is a reporter for the Newhouse National News Service.

ANYONE who saw that madcap movie *That Man from Rio* a few years ago will remember the striking scenes shot in Brasília. The soaring modern buildings were set off against the raw red earth and decrepit shanties from which Brazil's modern capital sprung. Today, Brasília is no longer an instant capital but has acquired a character of its own. **Gladys Delmas** covers Latin America from her home base in Mexico City. . . . Behind the challenge of the Soviet investment in an anti-missile missile is a long-standing and evidently vain effort by the administration to convince Moscow of the necessity of maintaining a nuclear standoff. **Norman Moss** has studied the history of the subtle dialogue while working in New York on a book about arms control. Mr. Moss is London correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance. . . . As U.S. forces prepared to move into the Mekong Delta last year, our Southeast Asia correspondent, Denis Warner, predicted: "The hard half [of the war in Vietnam] is just beginning." **Sherwood Dickerman,** a free-lance writer formerly with the New York *Herald Tribune,* accompanied one of the first Marine units into the Delta last month, and his account of the battle conditions bears out this warning. . . . President Johnson's January message to Congress on "Protecting Our National Heritage" pointed up the lack of a Federal policy encompassing all our energy resources. The need is underscored by the rapid growth of atomic generators of electricity at the expense of coal-fueled plants, described by **Bill Kovach** and **Nat Caldwell,** both reporters on the Nashville *Tennessean.* Mr. Caldwell won the Pulitzer Prize for national reporting in 1962. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** axillary contribution makes some sort of sense.

Sarel Eimerl, not a trepid man, single-handedly takes on the glamorous legions of Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin. The encounter is a bloody one. In more avuncular mood, Mr. Eimerl leads another life as a writer of children's books. One of these, *Revolution! France 1789-1794,* is for children aged twelve and up and will be published this month by Little, Brown. . . . Owing to the requirements of our printing schedule, **Derek Morgan's** review of the latest Pinter play was written before the play began its serialized quiz existence in the New York *Times* and elsewhere. It now seems that a review might well be written or reactions to the play. . . . **Frank Polite** teaches in the English Department at Youngstown University in Ohio. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Robert Sklar** teaches at the University of Michigan, and is the author of *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön,* which will be published by Oxford in April. . . . **Charles Thomas Samuels** is a member of the faculty at Williams College.

Five of *The Reporter's* cover artists have won awards at the Ninth Annual National Exhibition of Illustration, sponsored by the Society of Illustrators. They are Paul Arlt, Tom Feelings, John R. McDermott, Paul Monasevitch, and Richard Powers. The exhibition will be at the Union Carbide Building in New York until February 24. Our cover for this issue is by **Bill Berry,** who himself won an award for a *Reporter* cover at the 1965 exhibition.

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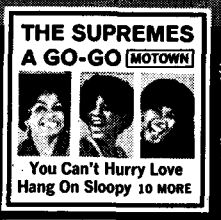

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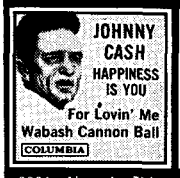


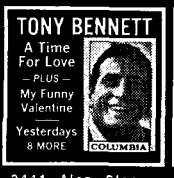
3361. Also: Is This My Destiny, You Comb Her Hair, etc.

3563. Also: Man Of La Mancha, I Dream Of You, Dulcinea, etc.

3449. Plus: A Taste Of Honey, Unchained Melody, Mame, etc.

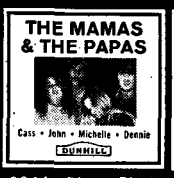
3485. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

3525. Entremont plays Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, etc.



3441. Also: Sleepy Time Gal, Georgia Rose, 6 more

3618. Plus: Ghost Riders in the Sky, Gay Ranchero, etc.



3244. Plus: That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love, 9 more

2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon Yesterdays, etc.

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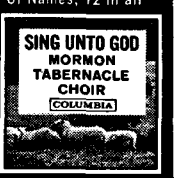
2673. Also: On A Clear Day, All Or Nothing At All, etc.

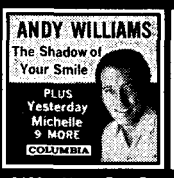


3515. Also: Listen to the Lambs; Come, Come Ye Saints; etc.

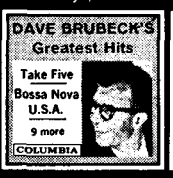
2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

2605. "Some of his funniest material."—Billboard

2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.

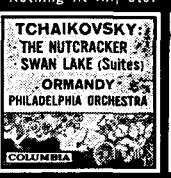


2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

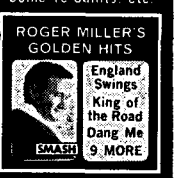


2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.

3557. Plus: Never Tie Me Down, The Wind Goes, 6 more



2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism."—N. Y. Times



2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

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CORRESPONDENCE

VIETNAM

To the Editor: Albert Parry ("Soviet Aid to Vietnam," *The Reporter,* January 12) has obviously done a lot of digging. The facts were carefully and very well presented. I think he rendered a public service, as this facet of the war in Vietnam is too often downgraded in American discussions.

William R. Kintner
Deputy Director
Foreign Policy Research Institute
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

'RAINY MOUNTAIN'

To the Editor: I think N. Scott Momaday's "The Way to Rainy Mountain" (*The Reporter,* January 26) one of the greatest pieces of short prose I have ever read. It is very short, yet it contains: the history of a people (the Kiowas) and the pathos of their combined grandeur and triviality; the biography of a Kiowa (Aho), in which the history is summed up; a commentary on both by the grandson and author. Momaday can hardly drop a short phrase which does not haunt one. Nothing is wasted in this essay. Few poems stay in my mind as this prose stays.

His forthcoming novel, insofar as one can guess from the published fragments, may be very great.

Yvor Winters
Los Altos, California

To the Editor: How sensitive N. Scott Momaday must be. Is it his Kiowa heritage or is it the land of Oklahoma?

My husband and I have lived in southwest Oklahoma for only a year, but many wonders have touched our "inner self." It is not only having the sun at your back, but watching the animals awaken in the Wichita Mountains; hearing the jabber of birds throughout the day; standing at a distance and seeing a trapdoor spider cross the road. It is the people you meet; especially the very old. Many came to Oklahoma in covered wagons. It is the cowboys, thin and bowlegged. It is attending a dance at the officers' club at Fort Sill and knowing the ground over which you dance has known the suffering of people who had lived there long ago. It is meeting a Kiowa Indian artist and having him explain his tribal calendar.

Thank you for publishing Mr. Momaday's article.

Martha Ray Wainwright
Lawton, Oklahoma

NEGRO VOTERS

To the Editor: The January 26 article by Reese Cleghorn and Pat Watters, "The Impact of Negro Votes on Southern Politics," was excellent. I refuse to believe, however, that Southern Negroes are "not now wedded to either party." The rise of the Negro to equal justice, equal economic opportunity, equal education, and general well-being lie with the Democratic Party, which is today's party of concern. The Republican Party is so imbued with the perpetuation of the status quo that it cannot keep up with the needs of our changing world.

Jack P. Turner
Atlanta, Georgia

STATE OF THE UNION

To the Editor: I agree with much of your succinct appraisal of President Johnson's State of the Union message ("The Reporter's Notes," January 26) and especially with your statement that our President "has become the object of a maniacal, scurrilous hatred of such proportions and venom as to be a national shame." It presages ill for us as a nation if we condone such hatred.

Irene Prater Dell
Carl Junction, Missouri

WASHINGTON SNARL

To the Editor: Helen Leavitt ("Washington Fights Creeping Concrete," *The Reporter,* January 26) states that Washington "already has thirty per cent of its land devoted to streets and highways," as though this were some dire calamity brought on us by the automobile. Both the statement and the inference are incorrect. Even if it were true, there is nothing strange or unusual about a city devoting thirty per cent of its land to streets and highways. Most cities do, and have done so for hundreds of years. (L'Enfant's plan for the Federal City, prepared in 1790, devoted fifty-nine per cent of the available land area to street purposes.) But if the author had made even a cursory examination of the facts, she would have found that the percentage of land area for streets, alleys, and yards in Washington stands at 21.5 per cent, less than the national average and far less than the thirty per cent she mentioned. When completed, Washington's freeway network will add little to the total area consumed by streets and highways. Yet the freeways are expected to carry about forty per cent of Washington's traffic, removing substantial daily volumes now being carried by present arterial and residential streets.

The author states that "Two subway tracks in New York City can move a hundred thousand people in one direction in an hour; moving the same number by auto would require twenty four-lane highways." According to the New York City Transit Authority, the Lexington Avenue IRT line is the most heavily used and its most passenger-crowded trips are between Bowling Green and 59th Street. During daily peak hours (8-9 A.M. and 5-6 P.M.), it carries 150,000 passengers in one hour on *four* tracks going in two directions. This averages out to a little more than 37,000 passengers per track per hour—which demonstrates the gap

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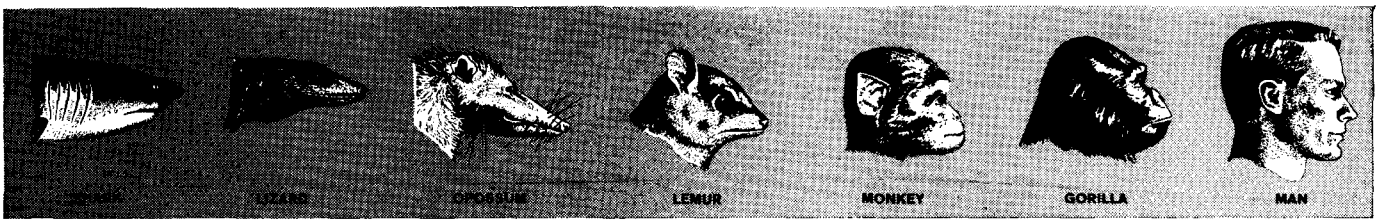

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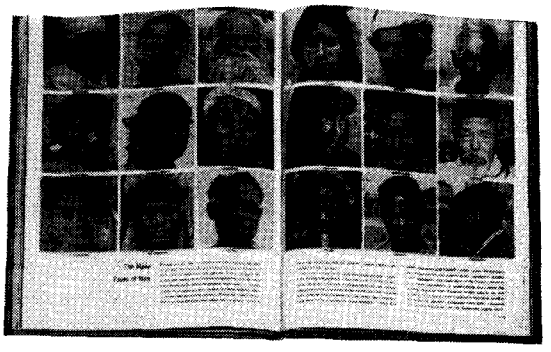
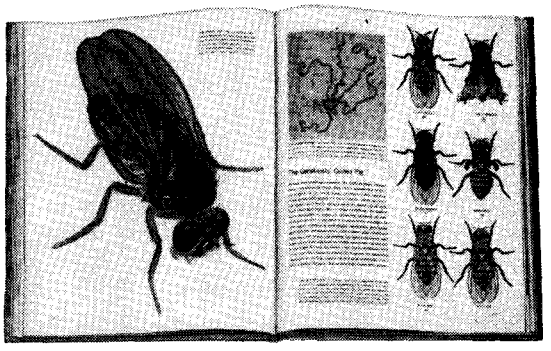


THE MANY FACES OF MAN. Although Man is united in one species, it is racially divided into more than 30 subgroupings. Over the past 150,000 years, as men searched for new hunting grounds over the globe, they gradually developed traits that adapted them to each environment.



THE GENETICISTS' GUINEA PIG *is the common fruit fly.* This wonderful insect, ⅛ inch long, produces new generations profusely every 10 to 15 days, takes up little lab space, and has a simple genetic make-up of only 4 chromosomes. By bombarding its reproductive cells with X-rays, biologists have produced fantastic new mutants.

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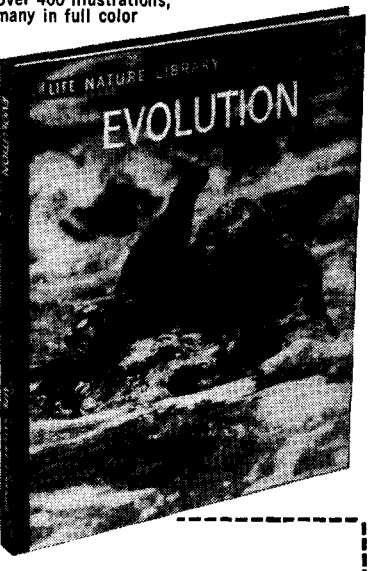

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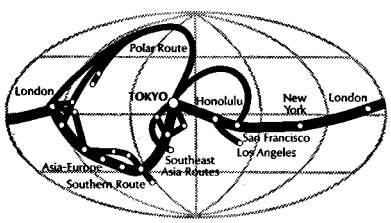

that exists between statistical actuality and theory.

The author notes that there already are some 51,422 parking spaces in D.C. She fails to say that about 16,000 of the spaces are not available for public use, and another 17,700 are available on a here today, gone tomorrow basis. They are on open lots subject to replacement on short notice by new building construction.

The author speaks of the 90-10 formula for highway construction as if it were some form of Federal largess denied to rapid-transit development. Actually, this so-called Federal aid is derived entirely from taxes paid by users, mostly on gasoline, and held in trust for highway construction. Users pay all the other taxes that others pay, but in addition they pay these special taxes to defray the cost of providing the special facilities needed for the operation of their highway vehicles. Advocates of mass transit could probably set up a trust fund of their own, if they were willing to pay taxes on their transit fares as the highway user pays on his fuel and equipment purchases.

JOHN DE LORENZI
Managing Director
Public and Government Relations
American Automobile Association
Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Leavitt replies:

The statement that thirty per cent of the District's land is devoted to streets and highways is in accordance with figures supplied by the D.C. Assessors Office and the National Capital Planning Commission. While it may be true that thirty per cent is not an unusually high figure compared with other cities, the point is that Washington is a special case: an additional thirty-five per cent of available land is accounted for by Federal buildings, monuments, embassies, and other nontaxable properties—leaving a tax base of only thirty-five per cent of the District's 62.4 square miles. It can ill afford to lose more.

The latest figures released by the D.C. Motor Vehicle Parking Agency show that off-street parking spaces in the central business district have risen from 51,422 to 52,459. By comparison, the Regional Plan Association of New York reported in 1964 that midtown Manhattan (approximately the same area but with a much higher concentration of employment) had 29,500 off-street parking spaces.

The National Capital Transportation Agency reports that two subway tracks can move 100,000 persons in one direction in one hour.

As for the 90-10 funds, it matters little where the money comes from. The fact is that Federal legislation, by providing for ninety per cent of highway-construction costs, is an inducement to bring money into a community by concreting, whether or not freeways are needed or wanted.

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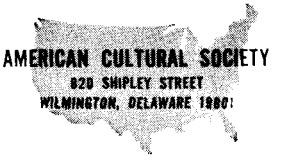

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Kennedy's Diplomacy

There is never a pause. The newspaper stories on him keep coming, one after another, the latest at this writing being the peace feelers he brought home from Paris, immediately denied by everybody concerned, the Senator included. One staggers just at contemplating the stupendous collection of episodes all related to him, some magnified by an overeager press, some authentic in his own words.

Perhaps this man is the victim of the communications media's hunger for personalities that can be made into images. Or perhaps he cultivates this potential of his as if it were a virtue. There is no other way to explain, for instance, his statement in Addis Ababa on June 15 of last year that it is up to the African states and to the underdeveloped world as a whole to "assume a responsibility that others have been unable to fulfill." The underdeveloped world, he said, "can be the sword to cut the knot" of nuclear arms control.

Senator Kennedy has done a great deal of traveling, always quickly to be sure, followed by long speeches and lengthy polemics on what he has said or denies having said or had not said at all. After a trip to Latin America, he made a two-part speech in the Senate, on May 9 and 10 of last year, that was singularly exempted from criticism, probably because he recommended to the countries of the Southern Hemisphere a course which seems to be the simplest in our days: have a social revolution.

Obviously, he is running all over the country and the globe on every possible issue. Occasionally, one hears about proposals on housing or on the race problem and then off he goes. Everybody knows what he is running for, and the only doubt seems to be on which of two dates.

But whom is he running against? We are afraid we know: the man is running against himself. No one can sustain such an ever-growing degree of public attention when he is not a holder of power but only a pretender to power—no one, no matter what his family name. Soon, both the public personality and the image start fading into a sort of irrelevance. On the issue of war and peace in Vietnam, the Senator brought home from Paris a great commotion based on nothing—or next to nothing. He insisted on this point, and we think rightly.

What next?

—Max Ascoli

The President on Crime

"We have heard of and seen many wars in the time of the present administration," Barry Goldwater told a Boston crowd in 1964. "But have we yet heard of the only needed war—the war against crime?" It was late September and by then the Republican Presidential candidate had made law and order, a subject endorsed by Dwight Eisenhower at the San Francisco convention, the principal issue of his campaign. By his own admission, Senator Goldwater was once again acting at the behest of his heart, and once again that unusual organ was getting him in trouble. By the end of the campaign, the law-and-order theme had developed from a shrill attack on "crime in the streets" to a thunderous cacophony of illogic. Typically, the Senator would spend half a speech inveighing against those without the proper respect for law and law enforcement—and the other half inveighing against certain laws and their enforcers of which he did not himself approve. The "needlessly pampered" criminal defendant, the Supreme Court, the teen-ager's seaside spree, and the civil-rights demonstration were lumped together as symptoms and sources of the nation's moral collapse. One or two things, however, were clear. It was a divisive campaign that played on public fears and on the disgruntlement of local police forces. And at the center of the problem as the Goldwaterites elliptically but unmistakably revealed it was the Negro —not as victim but as perpetrator of crimes.

We go back over this happily forgotten history to give Goldwater his due—just that and no more—apropos of the President's message to Congress on crime. Probably Goldwater was responsible for making crime in the streets a national issue and for injecting it into national politics. There the connection and the credit end. The Presidential message—based on findings still to be published in full by the President's Crime Commission—contained none of the primitive appeals that marked the Republican campaign and none of its vindictiveness. Moreover, the grouping of problems within it is both enlightened and coherent. It encompasses, for instance, requests for action in such fields as gun control, wiretap prohibition, court reform, and the rehabilitation of narcotics addicts. It supplies statistics that can only reinforce the arguments for a more humane penal system: a hundred thousand children were held in adult jails in 1965 for lack of other facilities; fifteen-year-old children commit more serious crimes than any other age group; and so on.

At the core of the crime bill proposed by the President is a costly effort to improve the quality and performance of law-enforcement officers around the country. It would amount to a program of Federal incentives to local communities to modernize their police, court, and correctional systems. The President estimated that his program would cost $300 million by the second year of its operation. For this reason, among others, its reception on Cap-

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A handful of people like Mary Carnwath are trying to keep our promise to the Indians. But they won't make it without you.

The Hopi Indians' village of hipaulovi in Arizona sits on land poor, infertile and inhospitable hat so far nobody has tried to take away from them.

Electricity has not yet reached he Hopis. Water must be hauled om three miles away. Jobs are few nd far away. Only poverty and desair are close-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generaons, Mary Carnwath and people ke her are stirring hope among the opis.

Mary Carnwath works and ves two thousand miles away, in anhattan. Her own daughter is ow grown-up, and through *Save he Children Federation* she is sponring one of the village girls, 8-year-d Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, ree children, one grandmother nd a sister-in-law) live tightly acked in a tiny rock and mud ouse. The father who knows ranch ork but can't find any most of the ear, isn't able to provide the family ith even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary arnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $12.50 a month contribed by Mary Carnwath is provid-g a remarkable number of things r Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to conue schooling. The family has en able to make its home a little ore livable. And with the money ft over, together with funds from her sponsors, the village has been le to renovate a dilapidated build-g for use as a village center. The nter now has two manual sewing achines that are the beginnings of small income-producing business. 's only a small beginning. More oney and more people like Mary arnwath are needed. With your lp, perhaps this village program

will produce enough money to end the Hopi's need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.

Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children —who suffer the highest disease rate and who look forward to the shortest life span of any American group.

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itol Hill is far from certain. For many Democrats, Goldwater made "anti-crime" synonymous with "anti-Negro," and any program so misconstrued might have a hard time with them—especially if it should compete for funds with other domestic programs. The Republican response is even less certain. In one of those bland yet bizarre statements for which he has earned a certain reputation, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford replied with a call for a different "war against crime," one that would be financed by a tax-sharing plan and would include a "Citizens Rights Act of 1967" featuring punishment "for those who travel from one state to another with intent to incite riots."

So far as the reception on the Right is concerned, it is expected that the administration will benefit from the favorable testimony of local police officers who are reportedly enthusiastic about the chance to acquire some badly needed money and to improve their equipment, their training programs, their facilities, and—consequently—their skills. Whether the doubts on the other side can be laid to rest depends upon how diligently those who were offended by Goldwater read the President's message and how much thought they are prepared to give it. The question is whether they have bought for all time the invidious view that any crime-control measure is basically anti-Negro, a view that rests on the assumption that the Negro's only relation to the law is a propensity for breaking it.

Crime in the streets is a far more serious and terrifying problem for Negroes than it is for other Americans. When the President referred in his message to the low incidence of "interracial" crime, he was pointing out a fact often forgotten by those who dwell on the proportion of Negroes among violent criminals: the overwhelming majority of their victims are Negroes too.

Saviors of the Constitution

Emanuel Celler, chairman of the nine-member select House committee, appeared in a testy mood when the object of his committee's investigation strode into the hearing room accompanied by his seven lawyers. Adam Clayton Powell had on his legal team two attorneys who had gained their reputations in civil-liberties cases. They made five motions which Celler characterized as "dilatory." After a half-hour recess, the chairman apologized for the adjective but denied the motions anyway.

Celler's discomfiture arose from the fact that the motions were based on the same argument Celler used before the House to defend his fellow New York Democrat on January 10. "I heard nothing from the minority side which indicates anything that could successfully challenge the qualifications constitutionally of the gentleman from New York." Exactly, Powell's lawyers argued: "Since the member-elect is over the age of twenty-five, has been a citizen of the United States for over seven years, and is an inhabitant of the state from which he was elected, the select committee should recommend the immediate swearing-in and seating of the member-elect."

Celler, faced with his own argument, pleaded wanly, "both as chairman of this committee and personally," for Powell to answer questions dealing with the Harlem Democrat's court troubles and official conduct. Powell, aware of his Constitutional options, replied in his richest baritone, "I would not want you to force me to break the Constitution."

Powell's lawyers also responded with an overkill barrage of documents: his 1908 birth certificate, New York State tax forms, driver's license, voter-registration cards, canceled checks for rent on his apartment, and even the *Congressional Directory*, which says Powell is a resident of New York.

Celler warned of "other disciplinary measures," which include censuring, stripping of seniority, or expulsion. The last of these punishments would require a two-thirds majority vote and would only be followed by a special election overwhelmingly returning Powell to office. As for censure and loss of seniority, they seem inevitable to Powell and nearly all concerned. There is slight prospect of assuaging the anger of the House, which rose to strike down Powell against the advice of Chairman Celler—who apparently has not kept the faith.

Peanuts for Africa

The administration's foreign-aid proposals confirm, as usual, that the squeaking wheel gets the grease. Specifically, aid to Vietnam, Laos, and Thailand would amount to $650 million, or about 3.3 times the amount recommended for all of Africa ($195 million), a continent that does not, at the moment, present us with comparable headaches.

In his special aid message to Congress, President Johnson recommended that we set "A statutory objective that at least eighty-five per cent of our development loan funds be spent in a regional or multilateral framework." But how can this goal be pursued effectively in Africa today? Much as regional co-operation is to be desired and is approved in principle by a number of African states, few of them are in any condition to put it into practice. In fact, our aid would continue to go in large part to the Congo, Ethiopia, Morocco, Nigeria, and Tunisia, on a bilateral basis. More than half of it will go in education and manpower training projects.

Great and pressing as the demands on our aid may be from Asia and Latin America, it seems to us that Africa offers good prospects for measurable political returns on investment now. We are fortunate that Russian and Chinese efforts have been rebuffed in many parts of the continent, but we know that these efforts continue. A doubling of the African request would still fall short of the Latin-American figure by some $234 millions—and would permit the undertaking of important projects to strengthen telecommunications, railroads, the African Development Bank, and other sectors that would give a test to the idea of regional aid. It would also permit more direct aid to such nations as Tanzania, Guinea, and Algeria where we can quite possibly score some gains in competition with the Communists.

For a nation that likes to get its money's worth, we are being shortsighted in those parts of Africa that may acquire real national, and then maybe supranational, identity.

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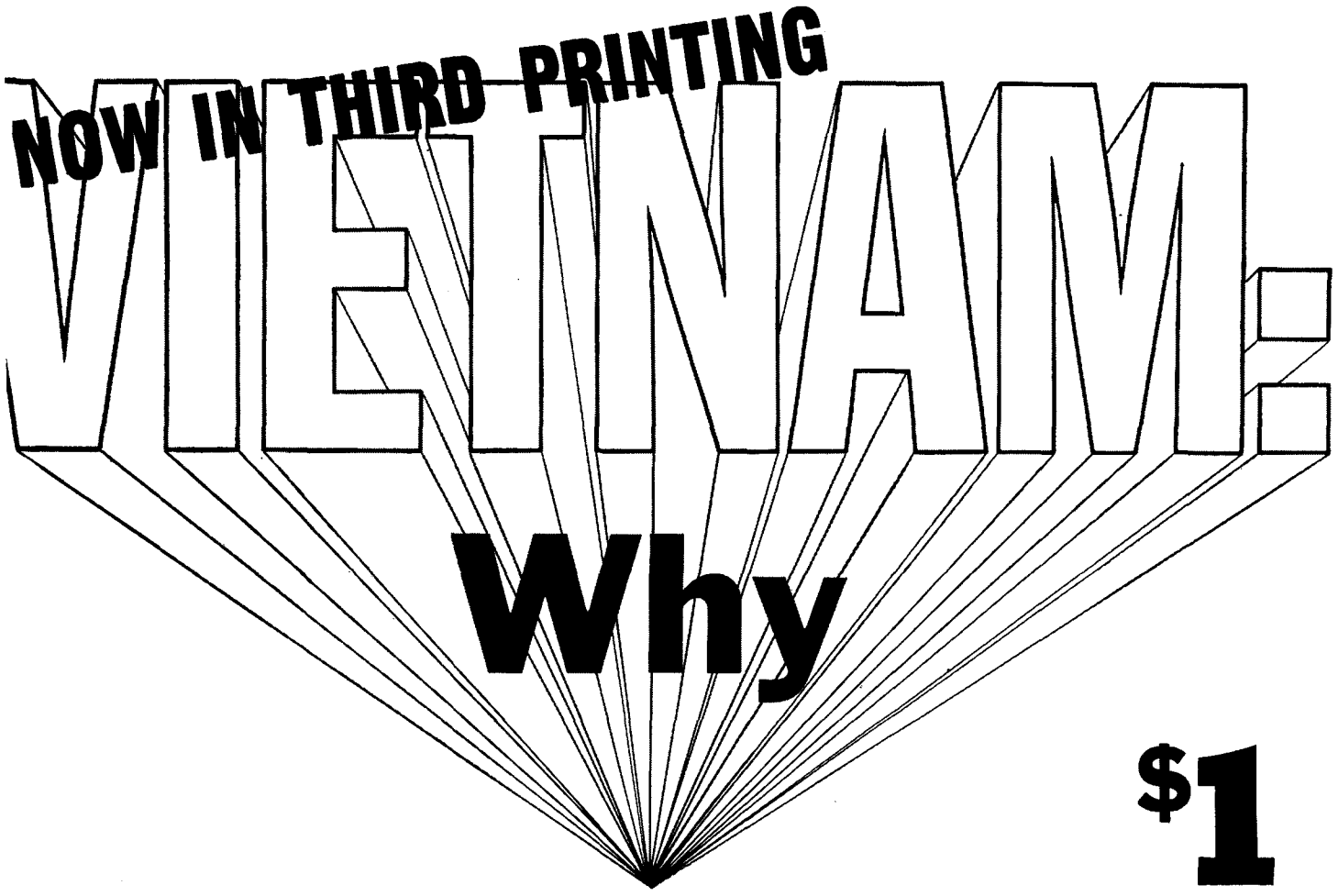

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A Civil-Rights Setback In Southern Courts

GEORGE B. DRIESEN

LIKE several of the attorneys handling civil-rights cases in the Deep South, Donald A. Jelinek, staff counsel for the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee (LCDC) in Selma, Alabama, is from out of state, is not a member of the local bar, and receives no fees from his locally unpopular clients.

Although most states bar lawyers not licensed locally from setting up practices, Jelinek and other out-of-state lawyers hurdled this obstacle by associating themselves with licensed Negro attorneys in Deep South states. This procedure was rarely questioned. But last November, after an unidentified attorney challenged Jelinek's right to appear in Demopolis Circuit Court on the ground that he was not a member of the Alabama bar, Judge E. F. Hildreth barred him from trying any case in the circuit. When Jelinek stepped outside the courtroom to consult with a client, he was arrested for illegal practice of law. Taken to jail, he was held there for six hours until he obtained a $300 cash bond.

In the face of this criminal charge, Jelinek and his clients asked an Alabama Federal court to enjoin state officials from preventing him from practicing law. The suit charged that without Jelinek, his clients—Negroes and rights workers—could not obtain counsel who would zealously and capably represent them in asserting their legal rights.

While the proceedings were pending, the LCDC counsel was unable to appear in Alabama courts on behalf of his clients. But Jelinek, for personal reasons, already had decided to leave his position in Selma after more than a year's service, and his leaving probably will mean that the criminal charge and Jelinek's countersuit will be dropped. Neither side seems anxious at this time for a court showdown over the right of Alabama Negroes to out-of-state counsel. Nevertheless, there is still no assurance that the state will not try to prevent Jelinek's successor from practicing.

The Volunteer Defenders

The Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee is one of three national groups working on civil-rights cases in Southern courts. The others are the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law and the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc. (LDF). The latter group

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nad been on the scene many years before LCDC and the Lawyers' Committee were formed. It has been sending lawyers into the South since the late 1930's and led in the development of the country's civil-rights law, including the school-desegregation cases decided by the Supreme Court in 1954.

When civil-rights organizations were about to intensify their activities in the summer of 1964, the chief legal officers of a number of civil-rights and civil-liberties groups (including LDF, NAACP, the Congress of Racial Equality, the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Jewish Committee, and the National Council of Churches) organized LCDC to send volunteer lawyers South. That summer, LCDC sent about 125 volunteers to Jackson, Shreveport, New Orleans, Birmingham, St. Augustine, Memphis, and Tallahassee. Working in relays of two to four per office, most of the volunteers remained for only a short time.

The next summer, recognizing the need for some continuity, LCDC began to hire a small staff to supplement the volunteers and slashed the number of cities in which it operated to three: Jackson, New Orleans, and Montgomery. Currently, LCDC has four full-time staff counsel, two in Jackson and one each in New Orleans and Selma. Between May and October, LCDC sends four or five volunteers at a time to Jackson, one or two to New Orleans, and two to Selma. During the rest of the year, volunteers are few. In all, LCDC has sent about 250 attorneys to the Deep South. Right now, it has nearly four hundred cases on its docket, involving three thousand plaintiffs and defendants.

THE Lawyers' Committee was formed at the invitation of President Kennedy and with the approval of Vice President Johnson as a result of a June, 1963, White House conference called in response to the desperate need of civil-rights workers and Southern Negroes for counsel. Several past presidents of the American Bar Association are members of the Lawyers' Committee, and so are the presidents or past presidents of more than half of the state bar associations. The Committee had the official sanction of the Mississippi Bar Association, which formally recognized the necessity of providing counsel "on behalf of all persons accused of crime or who seek legal redress of their grievances, whether they be indigent, unpopular, residents, or non-residents and regardless of race."

Like LCDC, the Lawyers' Committee began operating in the summer of 1964, when it sponsored a group of volunteers working out of a Jackson office supported by the Legal Defense Fund. The Committee now has five full-time attorneys in its own Jackson office and three or four volunteers, most of whom stay for thirty-day periods. Its attorneys handled about fifteen hundred matters last year.

The Legal Defense Fund maintains three lawyers in Jackson, only one of whom is a member of the state bar. In Mississippi, as in other Southern states, LDF co-operates with locally licensed Negro lawyers. Supporting them and the Jackson staff are LDF's twenty New York attorneys, who work on poverty and civil-rights problems across the country. More than the other two groups, LDF tends to emphasize Federal suits involving school, welfare, and employment problems likely to have a broad impact upon Negroes. Thus far, none of its out-of-state attorneys have been challenged in Southern courts.

The case load of the lawyers' organizations runs the gamut of civil-rights problems in the South. Principally they supply lawyers to represent Negroes and rights workers arrested in retaliation for demonstrating, registering to vote, demanding access to public places, or holding meetings to organize the Negro community. Through Federal suits the lawyers have wiped off the statute books numerous local ordinances violating the free speech and assembly provisions of the Federal Constitution, thus freeing Negroes to organize and to engage in peaceful protest. In other suits, they have sought to desegregate public facilities and to stop whites who tried to prevent Negroes from using them. While challenging discriminatory elections and election procedures, the rights lawyers have also helped Negro candidates through the maze of technical barriers put up by state registrars to keep them off the ballot. And the lawyers' groups represent Negroes who because of their race have been denied a fair trial by Southern courts or have been subjected to outrageous treatment by police or prison officials.

Blocking and Holding

The recent harassment of civil-rights lawyers has not been limited to Jelinek and Alabama. Last August, L. W. (Woody) Davis, who doubles as mayor and judge in Ferriday, Louisiana, refused to let an LCDC volunteer attorney try a case and warned that he would jail the next out-of-state lawyer who attempted to practice law in Ferriday. In September he stopped two LCDC volunteers from investigating a mass arrest and threatened to jail them.

In Mississippi, an "Unauthorized Practice of Law Committee" was formed by the Bar Association last October. The bar committee announced that it would "investigate charges arising from legal matters involving people who might not be licensed to practice law in Mississippi." So far it has held no public meetings, but it has met privately with a Lawyers' Committee representative. The outcome of that meeting has not been revealed.

A few weeks after the Unauthorized Practice Committee was formed, the city and county attorneys in Grenada, Mississippi, the scene of school disorders last fall, decreed that thereafter no non-Mississippi lawyers would be permitted to appear in local courts. (Both men, thanks to the rights lawyers, were under a Federal court order to stop intimidating rights workers.) Later, Marshall Perry, judge of the circuit court with jurisdiction over Grenada, forbade a Lawyers' Committee attorney to consult with a Mississippi lawyer when the two appeared as co-council. And after two hundred youngsters were arrested for peacefully protesting the mistreatment of Negroes at newly desegragated schools, Grenada police refused to let Lawyers' Committee attorneys interview their clients in the city and county jails.

The Grenada counterattack has now hit the Lawyers' Committee's only Mississippi-licensed staff lawyer, Lackey Rowe, Jr. Late last month Rowe was jailed for contempt in

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connection with his attempt to represent Robert Johnson, a locally prominent Negro rights worker who was arrested during a peaceful attempt to integrate a Grenada church. Before Johnson got to court on the day of his trial, Judge Perry announced a court rule forbidding any person from walking in front of the jurors seated on one side of the courtroom. When Johnson arrived, he unwittingly violated the rule and was hustled out of court by the sheriff and constable.

Rowe, seated in front of the courtroom, saw his client being removed and went to the lobby to ask the officers why they were arresting him. "You'll find out later," they said. When Rowe repeated his question, the constable grabbed his arm, took him before Judge Perry, and accused him of interfering with an arrest. Judge Perry told Rowe that he was in contempt of court and ordered him taken to jail, where he was held for an hour and a half before being released on his own recognizance pending a later trial. (After Rowe's arrest, several white men walked in front of the jurors without incident.)

To represent Rowe, a white law firm in Greenville—Keady, Campbell & DeLong, Sr.—was retained. William Keady, who took the case because he believed that no Mississippi bar member should be treated as Rowe was, got a temporary Federal court order halting Rowe's trial.

On Uncertain Ground

Considering the traditional rule that an attorney must be licensed in a state to practice there, one wonders why the Southern bar has tolerated out-of-state civil-rights lawyers thus far. One reason may be that if lawyers from other states did not defend Negroes and civil-rights workers in criminal cases, local lawyers might have to do so: convictions where the defendant had not been represented by counsel would face invalidation by higher courts. Then, too, Southern lawyers—especially those with ties to the national bar—are professionally concerned about the quality of justice meted by Southern courts and share the professional view that neither poverty nor unpopularity should deprive an individual of his legal rights. And legal rights can't be obtained without lawyers.

Another reason for tolerating the lawyers' groups is that there are legal restraints against barring out-of-state lawyers. A Louisiana statute expressly permits "visiting" attorneys to practice "in association" with Louisiana-licensed attorneys, although no Louisiana case spells out the meaning of "in association." Mississippi law permits out-of-state lawyers to practice unless challenged. Only Alabama has a law that seems flatly to restrict its courts to locally licensed lawyers. It is possible that such laws are unconstitutional if locally licensed attorneys will not vigorously defend Negroes and civil-rights workers in criminal cases. Even in civil suits, barring out-of-state counsel may violate the Constitution's equal-protection clause if the consequence is that the clients cannot obtain the same Federal and state remedies against state officials that are available to local whites.

If these considerations led the Southern bar to tolerate lawyers from other states in the past, why the pressure against them now? One reason may be white backlash, which has affected even the Southern moderates and produced a resurgence of hostility to rights activity and to the Negro movement in the North as well as in the South. Some persons familiar with the situation have suggested that Jelinek's troubles stemmed from a personal antipathy he aroused unnecessarily, and it is probable that Rowe's harassment was due partly to Grenada officials' resentment against a white Southerner defending Negroes. But the best explanation seems to be that LCDC and the Lawyers' Committee are no longer content simply to defend clients. They have recently begun bringing suits in Federal courts to obtain economic justice for the Negroes and to curb Southern officials who victimize them. So long as the cases righted isolated wrongs and modified some outrageous practices, they posed no real threat to the Southern way of life. The other kinds of suits do, and civil-rights lawyers thus have become targets.

JELINEK, for example, was first challenged in Alabama's courts upon his return from trying a suit in Washington that was part of a sustained effort to improve the lot of Alabama's poor Negro farmers. The purpose of the suit was to force changes in Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service elections to assure Negroes a fair chance to vote. In those elections farmers choose ASCS community committeemen who in turn select ASCS county committeemen to administer the Federal crop subsidy program. Last year that program poured $15 million into the hands of Alabama cotton farmers alone. But no Alabama Negro has ever served on a county committee, despite the clear Negro majority in ten of Alabama's sixty-seven counties. In fact, prior to 1964, when the Rev. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee began organizing Negro farmers and were met with threats, economic coercion, violence, and bombings, no Negro had ever *voted* in an Alabama ASCS election.

In 1965, Alabama ASCS officials nominated so many Negroes (some of them with the same names as the Negro community's candidates) that the Negroes were unable to elect any county committeemen. Indeed, conditions in that election were so bad that the Secretary of Agriculture set the Lowndes County tally aside. Last summer, the Alabama ASCS elections were scheduled on a mere thirty-five days' notice and in August—in the past they had been conducted in the winter. The short notice made it impossible for the Negroes to organize an election campaign. So Jelinek went to court on behalf of a group of poor Negro farmers, SNCC, and SCLC.

In the complaint, Jelinek alleged that ASCS committeemen and employees (picked by the committeemen) had conspired with large landowners to control elections and that fraud, violence, economic sanctions, and deliberate efforts to confuse Negro voters had been used to keep Negroes off the ASCS committees in the past. The complaint quoted extensively from a 1965 Civil Rights Commission report on the problem, and one of Jelinek's witnesses swore at the trial that he had been warned he would be killed if he testified. He was later shot at.

Jelinek was partly successful: with court approval he obtained an agree-

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ment from the Secretary of Agriculture to postpone the Alabama elections for thirty days. Since his return, Jelinek says, he has never had a moment's peace, for it was then that he began facing challenges to his right to practice in Alabama courts. One judge, who had always treated Jelinek cordially, told him that barring him from court was not the judge's idea; he was under orders from the Alabama Bar Commissioners. Jelinek says that some of the Bar Commissioners represent wealthy Alabama plantation owners who receive substantial crop-support payments and that Negro farmers could double their income throughout the South if they were represented on the ASCS committees. Jelinek has brought a suit against a plantation owner, represented by one of the Bar Commissioners, who allegedly forced tenant farmers to assign Federal crop-diversion payments to him in exchange for permitting them to continue using his land. The suit asks that the Department of Agriculture be required to forbid such assignments in the future.

The Wages of Brutality

Jelinek's battle with powerful agricultural interests parallels the struggle that other civil-rights lawyers are waging through Federal suits against state and local officials who use or sanction the use of violence to prevent Negroes from exercising Constitutional rights. Suits like an LDF-Lawyers' Committee action to end the terror in Grenada, a similar suit that LCDC brought and won in 1965 to stop police brutality against peaceful demonstrators in Bogalusa, Louisiana, and another against Ferriday's Mayor Davis have forced Southern officials to operate in the shadow of Federal injunctions. These court orders amount to a Federal presence in the South—though not the one some civil-rights leaders have sought.

Court orders have not been the only form of relief that the lawyers have asked for. Southern police are being forced to face the prospect of compensating the victims of their brutality and disregard of rights. For example, Lawyers' Committee attorneys are pressing a Federal suit (the Parchman Penitentiary case) on behalf of almost two hundred plaintiffs, each claiming damages of more than $6,000 against Natchez and Mississippi state officials. The officials, the suit charges, arrested plaintiffs for participating in a peaceful demonstration and, without the preliminary hearing required by state law, transported them to the state penitentiary two hundred miles away, where many were stripped, beaten, and forced to take laxatives.

Another Federal suit, brought by LCDC's chief staff counsel in Mississippi, Alvin Bronstein, and settled out of court, sought damages from a Mississippi lawman for unlawfully arresting a Negro woman and beating her in jail. Her $1,500 recovery was the first of its kind by a Mississippi Negro. Similar cases in the Federal courts are pending in Louisiana and Alabama, where law-enforcement officers are charged with beating white and Negro rights workers either in jail or on the way.

SOUTHERN law-enforcement officials do not like being subjected to the restraints of Federal law, and they may be responding by trying to drive out the lawyers who are making that law a reality. It is no secret that the Mississippi bar's Unauthorized Practice Committee was formed in response to the threat to the previously unbridled power of Mississippi lawmen. A few weeks before the bar announced its "investigation," the state's Attorney General, Joe T. Patterson, blasted LCDC and the Lawyers' Committee for what he called "violations of legal ethics and intimidating law enforcement officers." Patterson objected to the group's giving "free rides to persons unable to pay for counsel and court charges by representing them for nothing." And the intimidation of law-enforcement officials to which he referred means the bringing of suits for damages and other relief from unlawful arrest, prosecution, and jailhouse brutality that the civil-rights lawyers are pressing.

Efforts to make Southern police observe the law prompted former Governor Ross Barnett, who achieved national notoriety by defying a court order to admit James Meredith to the University of Mississippi, to issue a press release in Jackson urging that "public-spirited attorneys" in Mississippi and other Southern states offer free legal services to law-enforcement officials. "Our public officials and our law-enforcement officers should be free to perform their assigned duties to the best of their ability," Barnett proclaimed, "without having to worry about the expense of defending themselves against bothersome and frivolous law suits." Barnett's interest in the problem may not be unrelated to next fall's Mississippi election, in which Barnett will again seek the governorship.

A Dearth of Alternatives

Whether the out-of-state civil-rights lawyers will be forced to leave Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana is

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not yet clear. Some of the recent incidents may reflect the racist proclivities of local court officials rather than a co-ordinated effort. But the investigation launched by the Mississippi bar's Unauthorized Practice Committee is ominous in view of the bar's formerly tolerant and even helpful attitude toward the Lawyers' Committee. And in Alabama, the Bar Commissioners participated in the action brought by Jelinek to establish his right to practice there—and not on Jelinek's side.

If LCDC and the Lawyers' Committee were run out of the South, LCDC Executive Director Henry Schwarzschild points out, Negroes and civil-rights workers would be deprived of much essential, day-to-day legal representation in both criminal and civil suits. The result, he says, would be to subject Negroes to the virtually unrestrained power of the law-enforcement officials. Aaron Henry, president of the Mississippi NAACP, described the effect of depriving Mississippi Negroes of out-of-state lawyers as "tremendous." Marian Wright, chief Legal Defense Fund lawyer in Mississippi—who would not be directly affected because she is licensed there—says the work to be done is so heavy that all three groups cannot handle it. And LDF lawyers in New York agree that their group is not in a position to provide all the services of the other groups.

Southern white lawyers are not likely to take over the job either. Hardly any of them can afford to jeopardize their livelihood that way. Even when appointed to defend an arrested Negro "agitator," a lawyer may present only a perfunctory and inadequate defense if he fears or shares a white community's racist attitudes and its hostility to Federal statutes and Supreme Court decisions that might help his unwelcome client. And counsel is almost never appointed in misdemeanor cases tried before Southern mayors and justices of the peace.

NEITHER are the Negro lawyers equipped to take over the work of LCDC and the Lawyers' Committee. In Mississippi there are six Negro lawyers—and one million Negoes. Civil-rights cases often crop up in sparsely populated areas where there are few Negro attorneys or where representing civil-rights advocates could be dangerous. In northern Louisiana, for example, where Negro communities are in the early stages of organization, there are only three Negro lawyers.

Furthermore, becoming too closely identified with the rights movement could cost the Negro lawyer the co-operation of local officials, which he must have to effectively represent his other clients. And Negro lawyers cannot devote full time to rights cases: their clients have other problems.

State-sponsored public-defender systems and the Office of Economic Opportunity's Legal Services Program offices are not likely to fill the gap either. Alabama and Louisiana do not have public-defender offices, while Mississippi's one office (in Gulfport) has never represented anyone arrested in the course of civil-rights activity. The Legal Services Program, where it exists, provides legal aid to the poor, mainly in landlord-tenant, sales, contract, and domestic-relations matters. The program is in the hands of the local bar, and its lawyers would not be anxious to bring suits seriously challenging the Southern establishment. In any event, in the Deep South only Mississippi has a Legal Services Program, and none of the attorneys affiliated with it has ever handled a civil-rights case.

In light of all this, participants in a Twentieth Century Fund conference last October 6 on the administration of justice in the South agreed that "The need for outside lawyers might last for five to ten years, and more in some areas." In that time, the conference hoped, progressive elements in some Southern states—including the younger lawyers—might be encouraged to undertake civil-rights work. But the real solution probably lies within the Negro community itself. As more Negroes in the Deep South states become lawyers and achieve a measure of financial independence, they can take over the bulk of civil-rights litigation now handled by outsiders. In New Orleans, for example, a few Negro lawyers, including the prominent firm of Collins, Douglas & Elie, have been doing this work for years. In fact, LCDC's New Orleans operation began in the firm's library, and LCDC still works closely with it.

But New Orleans is hardly a typical Southern city. The growth of the Negro bar elsewhere will take time and can occur only if the climate in the South improves to the point where more Negroes will want to practice there and are able to get high-quality legal training. The Legal Defense Fund is tackling this problem by providing money to help Negroes through law school (twelve are attending the University of Mississippi with such aid) and to start practicing in the South.

The out-of-state lawyers were probably never more important than now. The civil-rights movement in the South is being carried on almost entirely by local Negroes. Indeed, the national rights groups, their attention turned elsewhere and their treasuries depleted by the disenchantment of once-generous supporters, have all but stopped supplying money and organizers. Throughout the struggle, having lawyers who could effectively challenge Southern officials and who had the confidence of Southern Negroes has helped the Negroes find the courage to organize and to claim their rights. With most of the organizers gone, in some communities only the civil-rights lawyers now stand between local Negroes and the attempt to resassert the old patterns of white dominance. A serious reduction in the lawyers' ranks at this critical moment could be harmful beyond measure.

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George Wallace Isn't Kidding

JULES WITCOVER

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

THE NAMEPLATE on the governor's desk now reads "Lurleen B. Wallace," and there's an old-fashioned rolling pin perched next to it in the State Capitol's Executive Office. But the same old cigar-puffing, Washington-baiting George is in charge.

The demands of protocol have required Alabama's de facto governor to move into a smaller room across the hall so that Mrs. Wallace can handle her paper-signing and handshaking chores in the proper setting. When Lurleen is out, though, George is in, holding court in his wife's chair like any other second-in-command while the boss is away. Having blocked an attempt by the new state legislature to enact a two hundred per cent pay boost for itself, George seems to have his proxy administration sufficiently well in hand to start thinking about the real reason he ran Lurleen in November—his own third-party bid for the Presidency in 1968.

Lighting up one stogie after another, flicking the ashes in and around the gubernatorial wastebasket, he talks about how George Corley Wallace will win two years hence, and there isn't the slightest hint that he's kidding. As difficult as it is for some to believe, Wallace appears to be in dead earnest about running, and not just to confuse the picture, either, or to force the two major-party candidates to deal with him.

He invokes, of all people, Abraham Lincoln to bolster his contention that a plurality vote-getter—such as Lincoln was in 1860 (forty per cent of the vote) and as Wallace was in the 1964 Maryland Democratic primary (forty-three per cent)—can win a majority in the Electoral College. He doesn't have to single out the Great Emancipator—there have been eleven other Presidents who fell short of a popular majority—but the comparison seems to amuse him. Also, Lincoln ran in a four-man race and Wallace reasons that "If I run, this will be at least a three-man race and the same thing can happen."

Not If but When

Wallace always prefaces his analyses of 1968 with "if I run"; then as he warms up to the subject, the conditional clause falls away. He has been saying "if" since early in Lurleen's campaign, warning that only the nomination by one of the two major parties of a man he can support will keep him out of the Presidential race. The unlikelihood in Wallace's mind of such an outcome is best illustrated by a favorite harangue with which he wowed fellow Alabamians on the stump last fall:

"Now you take a big sack and you put LBJ in there, and you put Hubert Horatio Alger Humphrey in there, and you put Bobby Kennedy the bloodgiver in there, and you shake 'em all up. Then you put this Richard Milhous Nixon who with Eisenhower put bayonets in the back of the people of Little Rock and in your backs, and you put in Earl Warren, who doesn't have enough legal brains in his head to try a chicken thief in my home county, and you shake 'em up.

"And then you put in that Socialist Nelson Rockefeller from the most liberal state in the country, and that left-winger George Romney who was out in the streets with the demonstrators, and that Clifford Case of New Jersey, and that Wild Bill Scranton of Pennsylvania, and that radical Jacob Javits of New York, and you shake 'em all up. Then you turn that sack over, and the first one that falls out, you pick him up by the nape of the neck and drop him right back in again, because there's not a dime's worth of difference in any of 'em, national Democrats or national Republicans."

From this, it is clear that although Wallace says "if," the only real questions are when and how. On Lurleen's inauguration night, a secret meeting was held at the Woodley Country Club in Montgomery by his backers from Alabama, Louisiana, Missouri, and Texas at which early plans for Wallace for President clubs were laid. The Wallaces have denied being present, but not that the meeting took place. The invitations were sent out by Asa Carter, a Wallace aide and speechwriter, and by former Sheriff Jim Clark, the Dallas County segregationist. Among those present were Floyd G. Kitchen, chairman of the newly formed Missouri Conservative Party, and Kent Courtney, the New Orleans right-wing publisher and head of the Conservative Society of America.

Kitchen and Courtney, a banner waver for T. Coleman Andrews on a third-party slate in 1956, are not what one would call President makers, and Wallace certainly knows it. Neither is Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox, who idolizes him and wants to have him address the Georgia legislature, or former Governor Ross Barnett of Mississippi, who attended Lurleen's inaugural. But with these, other Southern officeholders, and state legislators by the hundreds as a base, Wallace is counting on the temper of the country and his own populism to broaden his support.

Most of the ingredients of emotional anti-Johnson protest—racial unrest in the North, the big-

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government bugaboo, crime in the streets—have been themes in the Wallace repertoire for years; they are surefire stuff with many conservatives, North and South, who backed Barry Goldwater in 1964. If the G.O.P. nominates Governor Romney of Michigan, the Southern Republican vote could fall to Wallace by default. Disgruntled Dixie Goldwaterites already are talking about Senators John G. Tower of Texas, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and others as pre-convention favorite sons—a possible stalking-horse strategy to stop Romney and keep Southern delegations in line for former Vice President Nixon after a ballot or two.

The Goldwaterites obviously prefer Nixon to Romney, but in the Deep South at least, they are likely to take Wallace over either. Though Nixon is more popular in the South than Romney, he could be hurt more by Wallace because he will be depending more on Southern support if he gets the Republican nomination. The former Vice President is hopeful of putting together the four Southern states he won in 1960 and the five captured by Goldwater in 1964 for a solid base of electoral votes; but with Wallace on a third-party ticket, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi almost certainly would be lost to Nixon, possibly South Carolina too, and, if Maddox could swing it, Georgia.

Wallace evidently counts on picking up 147 electoral votes in the thirteen Southern and border states. That alone would not be enough; even if he won an electoral plurality in a three-man race it is inconceivable that the U.S. House of Representatives would pick him. But by squeaking through with the slimmest popular pluralities in the Southwest and the Rocky Mountain states and in one or two big states infected with backlash fever, Wallace could pick up the remaining 123 needed for the required electoral majority of 270. However the sober mind scoffs at and rejects such an outcome, that nevertheless is what he apparently thinks can happen.

To bring about this political miracle, Wallace already is talking of more forays, as in 1964, into backlash country—Chicago, industrialized Wisconsin and Indiana, Baltimore, New York, Boston, and anywhere else where ripples of discontent can be stirred. He insists he has not talked and will not talk segregation outside the South: "What I say is, I don't care if New York wants segregation or integration, but it's up to New York to decide, and they don't need anybody from Alabama—or from Washington—to make up their minds for them."

JUST WHEN his next invasion of the North will start is uncertain, but from all signs Wallace is eager to go. He had a grand time a few weeks ago when he went to Washington to oppose a Federal cutoff of welfare assistance to Alabama, which was threatened because Wallace wouldn't allow a state official to sign a non-discrimination pledge. Asking an honest public servant to sign such a paper, he said to the glee of his entourage, is just like asking a man to sign a non-Communist loyalty oath. Everybody knows, he reminded a Senate committee, how the liberals used to scream about that indignity. Alabama is in compliance, Wallace insisted, and his word was as good as anybody's.

"Nice going, Governor," State Capitol hangers-on told him when he returned to Montgomery. "You gave them Senators something to think about."

The timing of the Wallace bid may depend on how quickly he can dispatch the state legislature this year. It doesn't start its regular session until May 2 and runs for thirty-six legislative days, usually averaging only two meeting days a week. In the past, Wallace has stayed close to Montgomery during the session and he isn't likely to leave

Lurleen on her own this year. Seventy of 106 members of the lower house are freshmen, and although George says their opening gambit for a pay raise was no rebellion, he may want to keep an eye on them. Between now and May 2, however, he is at a loose end, except for a short special session soon on a proposed highway-bond issue.

Next Stop Saigon

One big hole in the Wallace Presidential image—one that even he acknowledges—is his almost total lack of foreign-policy experience. What he has consists in having been a crew member on B-29 bombers during raids over Japan in the Second World War. Except for visits to Mexico and Canada, he hasn't been out of the country since. To remedy this, and to educate himself about the war, Wallace may go to Vietnam before May 2 or later this year. He calls the war "the most important matter facing the American people and the whole free world," and says he will do "whatever is necessary" to enhance his knowledge of the situation. An additional lure, he stresses, is the mail he receives from Southern boys serving in Vietnam urging him to run next time.

Such a trip isn't likely to make Wallace any more of a hawk than he is now. He wants more attacks on more military targets, including the port of Haiphong, and on the home front he would jail "anybody who collects blood for the enemy and any college professor who says he wants to see a Vietcong victory.... Treason is treason when American boys are being killed." If he were President, Wallace says, he would order the Justice Department to move swiftly and forcefully against the dissenters, and if he didn't have the authority, he would get it from Congress. If the war is still going on two years from now, this course may appeal to many voters.

Like the isolated true believers in Peking who have conjured up in their mind's eye the outside world they want to see, Alabama's truest believer burns with the conviction that "the rest of the country is finally beginning to see things my way." He reads about the victories of his wife and Maddox, the civil-rights and

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Great Society backlashes, and the Democratic governors' revolt against Johnson as sure signs that it is George Wallace, not Johnson or Romney or Nixon, who is in the American mainstream right now.

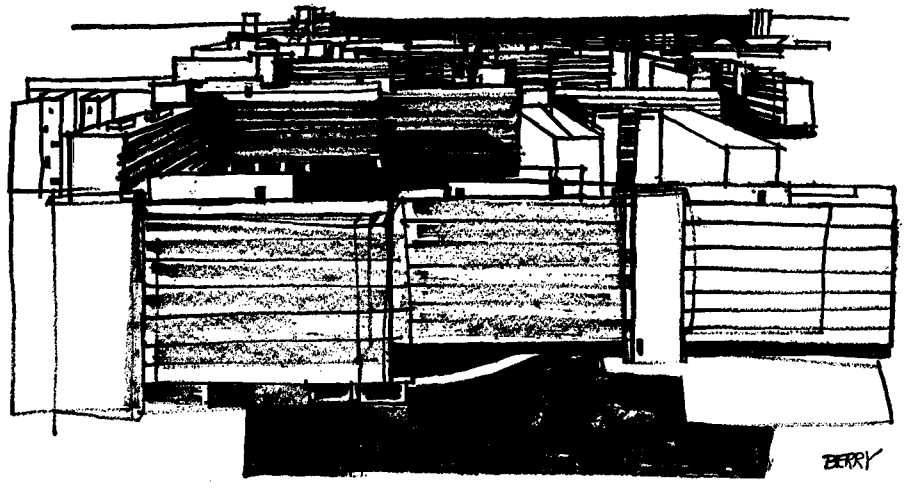
AN INDICATION that Wallace is serious about running to win is his indecision about entering the Democratic primaries again. In 1964, he had the time of his life winning forty-three per cent of the party primary vote in Maryland, thirty per cent in Indiana, and thirty-four per cent in Wisconsin, and he never stops talking about it. Visitors are regaled interminably with recollections about how the Poles loved him and waved Confederate flags in Milwaukee, and the factory workers in Gary, and the truck drivers in Baltimore—until one is drawn to the conclusion that nothing will keep him on the sidelines during the 1968 primary season.

Still, Wallace's whole strategy rests on a third-party candidacy. To enter the Democratic primaries just for the fun of it would put him in an impossible two-man showdown with Johnson; the defeats he almost certainly would suffer could totally destroy his chances to build popular pluralities in enough states in the general election. Consequently, some supporters are urging him to stay out of the preliminaries in 1968 and concentrate his efforts on the main event. Nevertheless, in places like New Hampshire, where a local stand-in may run for Johnson, Wallace might risk a primary test.

Those who shrug and ask themselves what difference it will make what George Corley Wallace decides to do have never heard George tell it the way he believes it's going to be. Tight organization won't be necessary, he says, "because the kind of support I have doesn't have to be organized block by block." As for money, he boasts in an access of euphoria that is remarkable even for him that he can raise more on his own for 1968 "than either of the two major parties." He suggests that if you don't believe him, you take a poll of cab drivers and police officers in any large Northern city.

"All I've got," next year's probable third-party candidate says with due modesty, "is the people."

AT HOME & ABROAD



Brasilia Comes of Age

GLADYS DELMAS

BRASILIA

THE TUMULT and the shouting have died down; ninety thousand people live in the city proper and more than two hundred thousand in its satellite towns. Even the dramatic Congress buildings—"a pair of contact lenses mislaid in front of a tuning fork"—are as expected and familiar as the Eiffel Tower. Brasília is no longer Kubitschek's Folly but a fact, and one with political, economic, and social consequences that were not all foreseen in this most planned of cities.

The speed with which it was built is still a source of wonder and of pride: "We built it *on time*, senhora!" In less than three years the towers rose; three streams were dammed to make a lake; water, light, and sewage lines were laid on; hundreds of miles of streets were paved; and roads were pushed through, north and south, to the coast. It was an epic venture and has created a sort of instant legend. On this frontier it is not graybeards but quite young men who tell you proudly they "remember when."

Speed there was—and some buildings already show the scars of sloppy construction—but not haphazard growth. The "pilot plan" of Lúcio Costa not only laid out monumental avenues and parks on a scale worthy of a great capital but also spelled out in detail a design for living that is basically a great deal more revolutionary than the dramatic architecture of his colleague Oscar Niemeyer.

BRASILIA'S most obvious feature is that it is specifically planned for the automobile, the only such city in the world. No main street intersects another, thanks to a system of tunnels, overpasses, and a most complicated design of interlocking cloverleaves. This is no place for pedestrians.

Brazilians like to compare the basic plan of the city to a bird in flight. The head is the spacious, monumental mall along which are grouped the official buildings. The outstretched wings are where the city lives, along both sides of a wide avenue. Its activities are grouped by sectors, somewhat as in the Middle Ages. There is a sector for commerce, one for churches, for the press and radio, for banks, for hotels—and an Embassy Row.

The residential areas are divided

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into "superblocks," an arrangement of eleven apartment buildings placed in a garden in such a manner that no window overlooks another. An openwork brick screen covers the rear of the buildings, an aesthetic device to hide the ubiquitous fluttering laundry—but one to which some local housewives object: the wash won't dry, and potted plants won't bloom. In the midst of each garden are a playground, a kindergarten, and a primary school, to which children can descend on their own since there are no streets to cross; their mothers can, if necessary, keep a vigilant eye from the windows above.

Each group of four "superblocks" is to have a neighborhood club, with sports ground, swimming pool, and club rooms, and a "park school," although so far only one of each has been built. The park school is a new idea, a supplementary education in the lively arts—drama, puppetry, sewing, drawing, metalcraft, woodworking, etc. Children who take academic courses in the morning go to park school in the afternoon, and vice versa. In those areas not yet blessed with a park school, the curriculum has been enlarged to include at least part of the program. For this reason, and also because of the high caliber and dedication of the teachers here, public education in Brasília is generally considered the best in the country.

A shopping street runs between each group of "superblocks." These are the saddest aspect of Brasília. They were planned to face backward, toward the gardens of the superblocks, so that shoppers would not need to venture on the street. The street side has only a small door for deliveries. But human nature being what it is—who wants to shop on only one side of the street?—it is the street side that has become the front, unlovely though it be. Deliveries, rubbish, and customers all pass through the narrow door, while the wide shopwindow to the garden rear is blocked with stacks of merchandise. The shopkeeper lives upstairs in most exiguous quarters. The general appearance of these commercial streets, with cluttered windows and littered, broken pavements, is that of any small backwater town.

The same is true of the main shopping street, known as W3 for reasons no one has yet fathomed: "W" stands for "west," but the word is "*oeste*" in Portuguese and the language does not even have a "W." W3, however, was not planned for shops but as a slow avenue for trucks, paralleling the main speedway that cuts the town in two. On one side are the backs of private houses facing a center lawn—Brasília is a town where you enter by the back door—and on the other were supposed to be the city's warehouses, wholesale markets, and repair shops. These were the cheapest lots in town; building specifications were the lowest. (In the designated commercial sector, high-rise buildings were specified, with walkways between, linking ground-floor shops. This kind of private capital has not

yet come into Brasília and the "commercial" area is still mostly raw red earth with a lonely skyscraper or two marooned amid it.) Meanwhile the small merchants that Latin America spawns in multitudes have taken W3 for their own. Planners may propose, but humanity disposes.

A Middle-Class Society

Another area in which the plan went awry is housing for the working classes. In the radiant city as projected by Lúcio Costa, all classes were to live harmoniously together. The buildings on the main avenue, he wrote, would doubtless be the most prized, but within the superblock arrangement the garden would belong to everybody and would encourage "social coexistence, thus avoiding undue and undesirable stratification." He foresaw no differences except in the size of the apartments and in the degree of luxury of their appointments, differences that "should in no way affect the social comfort to which all have a right." In the early days there were in fact cases of a cabinet minister and his chauffeur living in the same block. At that time housing was practically free. Since then, in order to set up a revolving fund for new building, the government has put all apartments on sale—on an easy-payment plan but nevertheless at rates too high for chauffeurs. While there are still certain social distinctions within the city, they are little more than those between layers of the middle class. There are no rich at all, and the numerous poor live elsewhere.

Lúcio Costa wrote: "Everything should be done to prevent the encysting of *favelas* [Rio's word for shantytowns] either within the city or in the surrounding rural areas." Here again the nature of Brazil itself was stronger than the planners. When the city first got under way, floods of unskilled laborers swept in from the impoverished northeast. A shantytown, known as the "Free Town," grew up some five miles beyond the city's limits, and within the city, construction companies put up shacks on the site that soon grew into teeming communities. In theory, when the job was done, all of these were to be demolished and the builders of Brasília were to go back home. Naturally this has not happened. By act of Congress in 1961, the "Free Town" was incorporated as Nucleo Bandeirante. Within the last year or so, the government has forcibly removed most of the construction shacks within the city proper, but since they had no place to move the people to, they simply dumped them on a slope below Nucleo Bandeirante, thus creating a new shantytown where some eight thousand people now live in appalling squalor.

The planned satellite towns are another matter. There are five of them and they are all placed beyond the rim of the low valley in which the city lies—"to prevent pollution," I was told, and to keep a greenbelt around the city. These are frankly proletarian towns; there are some squatter pockets, but most people have some sort of title to

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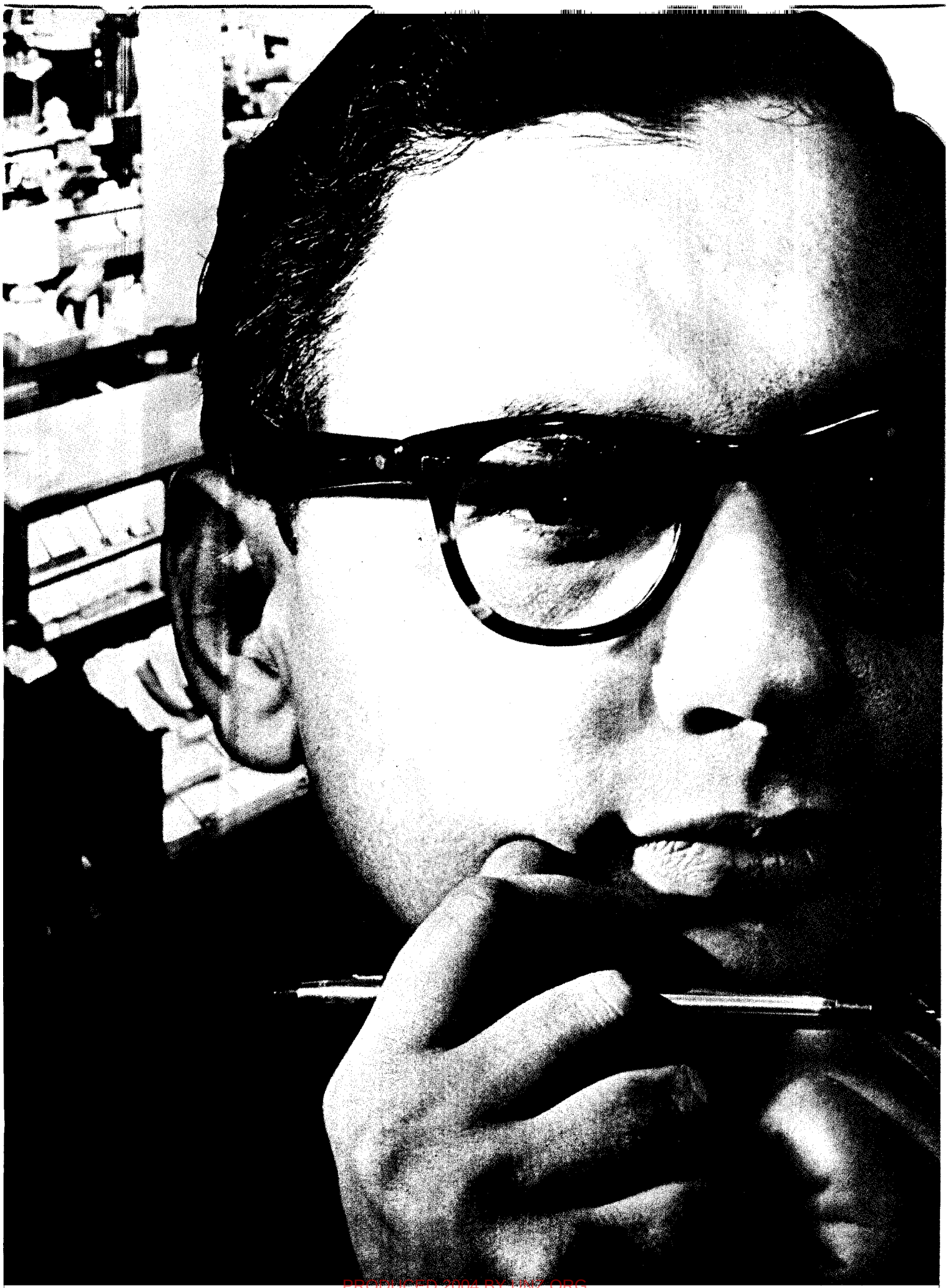

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By Fernando Krahn

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their land, although much of the construction is still of the squatter type. However, the avenues are wide, even grandiose in the commercial center, and there are grade schools for all, several trade schools, movie houses, and hospitals. Recently the government has been building thousands of "core houses"—minimum shelters, with two small rooms, a kitchen, and a bath.

This arrangement of parking the working class many miles beyond the city limits has various consequences. The workers' chief objection is the expense involved: bus fares consume more than fifteen per cent of the minimum wage, which, while higher than in the neighboring states, is still only $40 a month. From the city's point of view, the advantages are obvious: the crime rate is very low; midle-class decorum reigns. Brasília, in fact, is like a huge estate with the commons out of sight beyond the hill. However, the isolation and monotony of which some Brasílienses complain is due, in part at least, to this absence of the teeming masses. The liveliest and most varied markets, for instance, are in the satellite towns, much more fun than the aseptic supermarkets run by the government.

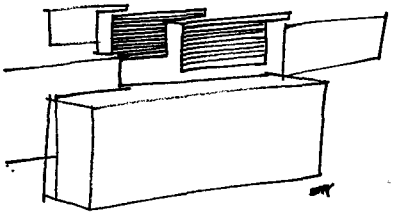
THUS a curious society is taking shape in this "new city." There is, of course, the pride of being part of a great adventure. The African sobriquet "Candango," of mysterious meaning, has been adopted by the inhabitants. The Negroes from the northeast who built the city used it first, but today even the stuffiest white-collar bureaucrat stands taller when he tells you he is a "real Candango." In any case, it is a handier handle than the formal "Brasíliense."

The city is not only extraordinarily homogeneous in respect of class and income; it is also, as befits "the most modern city in the world," a city of young people. Older people, at the end of their careers, had less incentive to move there. For younger ones, the move very often meant easier advancement. "In Rio, politics counts much more; here you can get ahead on capacity alone," one official said.

Everyone agrees that much more work gets done than down in Rio. The climate is much better, for one thing: the elevation—3,500 feet—at least provides cool nights and drier air. Other factors are the ease of getting about, and the concentration of government offices in one place. The quiet also helps. I wish that I could say that rationally designed offices do too, but the sad fact is that within the sleek modern shells veritable warrens of cubbyholes and twisting corridors have been burrowed.

Politicians, however, are not as convinced as civil servants that this is a good place to ply their trade. Parliamentary attendance is better than in Rio—once the deputies are up here there is nothing else to do—but what they do gets less attention. They would like to have a radio station of their own to broadcast their debates. In Rio they are personages, but here, divorced from their clientele, they tend to find themselves ignored. And as birds of passage—they come up only two or three days a week—they have little part in the city's life.

For Brasília is, above all, a family town. If at the beginning it had a somewhat salacious reputation—wives refused to come, while secretaries had to—it is today overwhelmingly "young married," but with an important difference. Here there are none of the sisters and cousins and aunts who constitute one's normal social circle in Brazil as in all Latin



countries. Each young family is alone and on its own. "My wife is my companion now," one young man said, "and we don't have to ask Papa before we decide something." At the same time, social life is much more open: "I have more friends than ever in my life before." For entertainment, there are more than a dozen private clubs along the lake shore, but few restaurants or nightclubs. Informal partying is the chief diversion: "In Rio we gave a party once or twice a year, for a birthday or an anniversary. Everything had to be just right—caterers, the family silver, expensive wines. Here we just cut sandwiches, order up some Cokes and beer, and have a ball."

Another way in which life here has broken the traditional mold is in the number of wives who work. In Rio this was "not done," but here, with an inexhaustible supply of servants, with children going to school on the doorstep, and the government's demand for secretaries insatiable because single women do not want to come to a city where social life is family-centered, wives have accepted jobs with gusto. Roughly two-thirds of them work.

Integration and Education

An aspect of the new life here which people like to stress is "integration." This is most evident among the Japanese Brasílians, who here as elsewhere run the market gardens and the fruit and vegetable shops. In São Paulo, where there are at least a million Japanese, they live very much apart; many do not even speak Portuguese. Here they send their children to the public schools and mingle completely with other Brasílians. "I learned Portuguese on the bus from São Paulo," said one. There are already mixed marriages, rare in other parts of Brazil.

In many ways this is a close approximation of life in American suburbia. Apparently near-equality of incomes and ages, rootlessness, good public schools, space for outdoor games, and the ubiquitous car will produce the same pattern of society anywhere. To Candangos, however, their production is unique—and indeed it is in Latin America.

A further novelty in Brasília is its university. This is a creation of João Goulart, President from 1961 to 1964, and was conceived not only as a stunning piece of modern architecture but also as a new departure in university education. The guiding principle was a much more open structure than is common in Latin-American universities, which are generally modeled on European institutions. The rigidly separated faculties, or schools, are replaced by departments of the American type, thus allowing students a much broader choice of subjects and a

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later decision as to their final careers. Research is encouraged and the professional hierarchy more fluid, replacing the old system where a professor was a lifetime baron of his domain whether he bothered to teach or not. Considerable emphasis was placed on relations with the town. In a few short years the university had become a flourishing and exciting place. It had drawn outstanding professors from all over Brazil and many from abroad. The students, also from all over the country, had created a real "college spirit" unique in this part of the world.

After the overthrow of Goulart in 1964, however, the admittedly left-wing university became an obvious target for the Communist-hunting military. The rector was replaced and in the fall of 1965 a dozen professors were dismissed without due process. Thereupon almost the whole faculty submitted their resignations, expecting that this show of solidarity would provoke second thoughts. Their resignations were accepted. The students then demonstrated in solidarity with their professors—a rare reason for student fracases down here. The demonstrations were quashed. The university was then closed for many months while the authorities scouted around for replacements, at times scraping the bottom of the barrel, at others finding first-rate people, attracted by superior facilities and the new educational concept which seems to have survived the upheaval. Both the Rockefeller and the Ford Foundations have granted substantial aid and the university is functioning again, although the townspeople are still eagerly awaiting the renewal of its extension courses and extracurricular activities that had greatly enlivened the otherwise arid intellectual life.

If life in Brasília has thus provided many new and stimulating experiences, it is not everyone's cup of tea. There is a malady, known locally as Brasílitis, which strikes those who complain of the monotony. It is most prevalent among women who miss the shops, their mothers, the nightclubs, and, above all, the beaches of Rio. Even the most enthusiastic Candangos speak nostalgically of the sea—few of them have ever before lived beyond the sight and sound of it.

To get Brazilians away from it was, of course, a major reason for the move. It is, however, still debatable whether it is the city itself or the great new highways linking it with Belém on the Amazon, Rio, and São Paulo that have contributed

the most to the development of the interior. Dozens of roadside settlements have sprung up along the Belém road—a thousand miles through virgin country; from them cattle-raising and lumbering operations are spreading out. Mineral deposits are constantly being discovered as the roads make the wilderness accessible.

Even within the Federal District —a quadrangle the size of Delaware—the city is a mere pinpoint. (This is surely the only capital in the world with a Department of Agriculture.) The minimum wage is higher than in the neighboring states, which encourages development here but leads to distortion in plans for the region as a whole, particularly since the boundaries of the District appear to have been fixed with more concern for geometry than geography. There is a new trend to ease these boundaries, economically at least, but what the role of Brasília itself will be, in this new economic complex, is not yet clear. It may well be that once again burgeoning Brazilian life will get the better of the planners, and that this lovely oasis for bureaucrats will become a lively commercial and industrial center.

In any case, livelier days lie immediately ahead. In March the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is planning to move lock, stock, and boiled shirts from Rio to its new marble palace. And with it will come many of the embassies to add glitter to the social life and perhaps some variety to the architecture: a city that bears the stamp of just one man, however daring and imaginative, is bound to seem repetitive. The embassies may choose any architect they wish—as long as his style is "contemporary."

With this move, Brasílienses feel the capital has become an "irreversible fact." For two years—1962 and 1963—there were fears it might become a ghost town. All building stopped and some offices drifted back to Rio. People said it was the loneliness of Brasília that undid Jânio Quadros and led to his inexplicable resignation in 1961; he had sulked for most of his seven months in the Palace of the Dawn. They also said it was the isolation of the city that led President Goulart to lose touch with the temper of the country and allow his left-wing supporters to overrun the government. After the "revolution" of 1964, the military government's attitude was anxiously awaited. When hammers were heard again in the unfinished palace of the Foreign Ministry, sighs of relief were heard all over town.

Despite these efforts to anchor the capital in Brasília, Rio is likely to remain a second capital for some time. A recent presidential decree abrogating the free air tickets enjoyed by congressmen has been greeted with cries of outrage. The congressmen point out, with some justice, that all financial and economic matters are still transacted in Rio. The Minister of the Treasury has only twice set foot here in more than two years in office. Even the embassies will not move their commercial and economic staff; the small ones whose concerns are more commercial than political may not move at all.

Nevertheless, the isolation and loneliness under the vast sky of this wide plateau are now greatly mitigated. The raw red earth is at last being planted to grass; saplings have been set out and should soon give shape and movement to the flat horizon. "Will you go back, now you're on your own?" I asked a young bride who had been wrenched from Rio as a child six years before. "Of course not," she said. "This is the best place in the world to raise a family."

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McNamara's ABM Policy: A Failure of Communications

NORMAN MOSS

BEHIND the argument about whether we should match the Soviet anti-missile-missile system lies a serious blow for the policy of Secretary of Defense Robert B. McNamara: the failure to persuade the Russians to accept a common view with the United States of strategy in a nuclear-armed world.

If the Russians saw the world in McNamara's terms, in their own interests they would not be building an anti-ballistic-missile system. All the arguments that he uses against an ABM in his disputes with those American military chiefs who favor it apply with even greater weight to a Soviet ABM system. On this and other strategic questions, he and his chief civilian advisers have been hoping that the Russians would heed their arguments on nuclear strategy. On most issues, the Russians have rejected the arguments or ignored them. Although this is not the first such rebuff, it is the firmest so far because it is formulated not in words but in costly hardware.

Washington's disappointment goes to the heart of the historic novelty of the strategic discussion today, of which the most startling new feature is the universality of the recommendations. To put it another way, McNamara is the first Secretary of Defense to prescribe strategies for this country's potential enemies in the hope that they will adopt them for their own sake as well as ours.

When McNamara took office, this country's military power was predominantly nuclear. Yet a rigorous analysis that he made of superpower capabilities during his first weeks on the job convinced him that it was impossible to win a nuclear war in any meaningful sense. The intellectuals, many of them from the RAND Corporation, who came to the Department of Defense in 1961 could not ignore this contradiction. Indeed, most of them had been deeply concerned with it even before joining McNamara's staff. Their chief mentor, perhaps, and one of the most influential academic specialists in defense strategy, was Thomas Schelling, a RAND alumnus and Harvard professor of economics who published *The Strategy of Conflict* in 1960. In this and other books and articles, he constructed some elegant metaphors for competitive bargaining.

SCHELLING sees most international conflict as, in game-theory terms, "variable-sum games." These are games in which the amount to be gained by one side or the other is not a constant, so that a gain for one is not necessarily a loss for the other. Since it is a game in which both sides have shared interests as well as competing ones, the immediate problem is communication. Significantly, one of Schelling's major essays on the subject was entitled "Signals and Feedback in the Arms Dialogue." He discussed methods of communicating these interests by gestures, demonstrations, or commitments, and showed how a dialogue of a kind could be established in this way, based on mutual interest.

Actions too would play a big role in such a dialogue. As in Freud, every action is seen also as a gesture, and an action taken for the most immediate and obvious goal can be viewed primarily in terms of the signal it sends. For instance, Herman Kahn has said that one reason we should have the ability to evacuate our cities is that this is the *only* convincing way to communicate a nuclear-war ultimatum.

Such concepts helped to provide the Defense Department with a rationale for trying to deal with the thermonuclear dilemma. With both sides sharing an interest in stability, the objective was to design forces primarily to achieve stability rather than victory, and to influence the other side to do the same.

The implication of all this for U.S. strategic planning was spelled out by John T. McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Arms Control, in a speech at a symposium at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in December, 1962. He said:

"We must, in every decision we make, concern ourselves with the factors of stability and of the dynamic effect of the arms race. This is so whether the decision lies in the area of strategy, force structure or research and development.

"That is, when faced with the need to make decisions in any of these three key areas, we should have two questions in mind:

"How will the action affect stability—stability against technological surprise, against accidents and unexpected or misleading events, against a tendency for every confrontation to spiral upwards into violence?

"And how will the decision contribute to either quickening or dampening the arms race?"

The Threat of Shelters

This represented a sharp break with the traditional value scale of national defense. In this scale, our weapons are a plus, the enemy's a minus. In the new outlook, weapons however powerful that weaken stability have a minus value; weapons that contribute to stability have a plus value, *whichever side has them.*

A first-strike-only weapon, which can be destroyed in an enemy attack and must be used in the first moments of a nuclear exchange if it is to be used at all, is obviously destabilizing. A second-strike weapon, sufficiently shielded to survive a nuclear attack, can provide time for evaluation and judgment, and is stabilizing.

Hence, when McNamara was asked by Stewart Alsop, in a *Saturday Evening Post* interview published in December, 1962, when he thought the Soviet Union would have invulnerable second-strike missiles, he replied that it boils down to "the sooner the better." Then Linus Pauling drew the logical conclusion and told a friend in the Defense Department that the United States should build some Polaris submarines for Russia.

In McNamara's view, a major city-defending program, whether active

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(defensive missiles) or passive (civil defense) would have to be considered destabilizing. It would imply preparations for nuclear war and would try to deny cities to the other side as hostages; hence it would be provocative, and likely to accelerate the arms race. Indeed, a senior Pentagon official told me recently that an ABM system is considered a first-strike weapon, since it works optimally only when the side possessing it strikes first and damages the other side's offense. He admitted that one could extend this evaluation, logically if somewhat metaphysically, to the point where shelters could be called a first-strike weapon.

The Pentagon strategy called for all kinds of barriers to be erected this side of all-out nuclear war, including even the option of limited nuclear war. The major deterrent, of course, has taken the form of a counterforce strategy, in which an attack is concentrated on the enemy's forces rather than his cities, holding his cities hostage for yours. But this kind of barrier, like a bridge, must rest on both sides of the chasm.

The Russians were expected to acquire an understanding of all this by observing the American defense posture, by studying the literature and arguments on military strategy within America, by noting the significance of occasional gestures in their direction, and by private meetings with U.S. scientists and strategic analysts. Communication was to be subtle, and agreement tacit.

McNAMARA himself paid unusual testimony to the importance of this kind of oblique and provisional communication in the course of an interview with Richard Starnes of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers that appeared on January 25. Referring to the annual statement for Congress on defense policies, McNamara said: "This one is the classified version, but we also put out an unclassified version that I believe has done more to dispel Soviet misunderstanding of American policy and aims than anything else we've ever done. As soon as the unclassified report is published, the Soviet Embassy grabs dozens of them and ships them home.

"We don't publish them for their exclusive benefit, of course, but I'm

delighted to see them take such an interest in it. I'm as proud of the effect this report is having as anything I've done around here."

There has also been communication on less official levels. For instance, in the course of the Pugwash Conferences between scientists of East and West that have been held over the last ten years, American scientists have discussed sophisticated ideas of nuclear strategy with Soviet scientists and succeeded in putting across some of the American points of view, by no means always the same ones. But while many of the American scientists have been men close to or directly involved with Pentagon planning, few if any of the Russians have an equivalent influence in Soviet policy.

This is not to say that Soviet military men do not read the American journals in which strategic discussion goes on, not to mention the annual Defense Department statements. Schelling has pointed out that the authoritative Soviet textbook *Soviet Military Strategy*, edited by Marshal Vasily Sokolovsky, contained revisions in its second edition that took account of American comments upon it, clarifying some points that the authors felt the American writers had misinterpreted. Schelling says this indicates a sharpened Soviet interest in what American strategic analysts are saying, and he draws from the episode a maxim on communication: "If you want to get somebody's ear, listen to him."

Do They Read Us?

In the Defense Department view, the United States defense posture has been clearly delineated by a succession of signals. There was for all the world to see an emphasis on second-strike weapons like Minuteman and Polaris. In 1963, McNamara canceled the B-70 program (bombers are always first-strike) in favor of still more missiles. The United States dismantled the first-strike Thor and Jupiter rockets, poised and exposed on their launching pads in Britain, Italy, and Turkey. It had also consistently abjured evacuation programs and ABM deployment.

The significance of these moves has failed to get through to the Russians in the way the Defense Department planners hoped it would. As one government official said, "If you told a Russian general that you hoped Russia got invulnerable missiles soon, he would simply assume that he had a lousy interpreter."

There is no equivalent in Russia of the American civilian defense intellectual. Soviet strategy is fashioned and debated almost exclusively by military men who have a simple, fixed-sum-game view of the world, which they share with most American military men: what's good for the other side must be bad for us, and vice versa.

Soviet military commentators have said that counterforce and limited war are devices by which the Americans hope to wage aggressive war and escape nuclear retaliation. Soviet leaders have said several times quite pointedly that any kind of attack on the Soviet Union would bring down on the attacker's cities the full weight of nuclear retaliation. Indeed, Marshal Sokolovsky's book rejects counterforce doctrine as "some sort of suggestion to the Soviet Union as 'rules' for the conduct of nuclear war."

To be sure, Soviet deployment has not run counter to all the Defense Department's prescription for it;

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some Russian reactions to the situation in which we all live are bound to be the same as Washington's. They have, for instance, hardened their missiles, converting most of them into second-strike weapons. But this is old-fashioned military common sense. They have been even more unequivocal than we have in following a non-proliferation policy: there is no question of any kind of nuclear-sharing arrangement between the Soviet Union and its allies.

They have even begun to consider a non-nuclear option. Thomas W. Wolfe, the RAND Corporation analyst of Soviet military affairs, has noted several remarks in Soviet journals recently that a war in Europe need not necessarily be nuclear, and the Warsaw Pact maneuvers in the fall of 1965 involved fighting in Europe without the use of nuclear weapons. But all the signs are that these strategies have been arrived at independently, and have not been influenced by American arguments.

There was actually one moment, however, when things looked as if they might work out according to the Schelling book. In April, 1964, President Johnson announced that the United States was cutting back on the production of fissionable material for weapons. Simultaneously, the Soviet government, unilaterally and with no reference to the American move, announced that *it* was cutting back on production of fissionable materials. This was the kind of tacit agreement, non-negotiated arms control, that Defense Department intellectuals were hoping to achieve. Unfortunately, it didn't progress far. And in November of that year, the AEC stated that so far as it knew, Soviet production had *not* been cut back.

Moscow's Defense Mechanisms

The clearest rejection of the American strategic concepts has been the Soviet emphasis on defense. Russian history and Communist ideology both emphasize fighting off attacks from without: the Russians will go through the motions of defending their territory with whatever they have. Although they now have on station an impressive array of ICBMs, it falls far short of matching the U.S. missile force. They produced an expensive force of MIGs that were useless as night fighters, they are drilling the population in civil defense, and now they are deploying an ABM system. They tend to feel that any American who tells them how to defend their country has got one hell of a nerve.

Major General Nikolai Talenski, the most articulate Soviet commentator on nuclear strategy, has argued explicitly in favor of an ABM system in an article printed in the Soviet magazine *International Affairs*. General Talenski is well informed on western strategic discussion, and has talked with leading American defense intellectuals. His article shows the gulf still dividing them. To him, defense is still defense, and cannot be provocative:

"Only the side which intends to use its means of attack for aggressive purposes can wish to slow down the creation and improvement of anti-missile defense systems. For the peace-loving states, anti-missile systems are really a means of building up their security."

He went on to say: "The creation of an effective anti-missile missile system enables the state to make its defenses dependent chiefly on its own capabilities, not only on mutual deterrence, that is, on the good will of the other side."

The latest American message to the Russians, carried by Ambassador Llewellyn E. Thompson, Jr., when he returned to his post, goes beyond gestures, implications, and arguments in scholarly journals. It makes an explicit, government-to-government offer: a straightforward, old-fashioned treaty barring ABM systems. This is the equivalent of saying, "If you won't listen when I whisper, will you listen when I shout?"

It seems unlikely that they will. For one thing, they are already deploying ABMs; for another, even the leadership must by now have heard the arguments, and turned them down to act in the way they were taught. Most Soviet-affairs experts in Washington feel that defense of the frontiers with whatever weapons are available is still an article of faith with Soviet officials, and rational analyses that could undermine this position are to be repulsed rather than answered.

The one aspect of McNamara's policy that the Russians have accepted completely is precisely that which they might seem least likely to accept: American numerical superiority in missiles. They have not seriously challenged it; they did not even try to steal a march on the United States after their first sputnik.

What their strategic posture amounts to is minimum deterrence, modified today, perhaps, by a non-nuclear option. While the United States emphasizes restraint, tight control over nuclear weapons, and the prospect of careful discrimination in their use, the Soviet Union threatens furious, spasmodic destruction in response to any attack.

In terms of deterrence, it must be said, this is a more plausible stand for the power with fewer missiles than is the position taken by the United States. If you carry a smaller stick, then it may not be a good idea to speak softly.

On the other hand, this Soviet inferiority makes even less sense of their ABM system, in military terms. It could provide effective defense only against a weaker opponent, unable to overwhelm any single part of the system with the quantity and variety of his missiles. China could be such an opponent in the next decade, but the ABM system seems not to be deployed against that threat.

THE FAILURE so far to achieve much of a strategic understanding with the Russians does not imply any basic failure in American strategy. Nothing in the U.S. defense posture requires Soviet agreement, neither the controlled-response doctrine nor the absence of an ABM system.

Not everyone on this side is equally disappointed. Secretary McNamara himself feels that useful communication has been established, and he is prepared to exercise patience and wait for more. The strategic problem that we and the Russians face is, after all, still relatively new. McNamara has not yet persuaded all of the American military or Congress of the correctness of his approach; it is hardly surprising that he has not yet persuaded the Russians. The problem is, essentially, the coexistence of vulnerability to annihilation with national sovereignty, and it will be with us for some time.

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A Taste of What's to Come In the Ugly Delta War

SHERWOOD DICKERMAN

SAIGON

AFTER the overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963, the new rulers of South Vietnam changed the names that Diem had given the provinces. What had been Ben Tre (Port of Bamboo) in the Mekong Delta became Kien Hoa. The optimistic new name means "Build Peace."

It was in Kien Hoa Province last month that the United States Marines went ashore, by landing craft and helicopter, in the first thrust into the Delta by American ground combat troops. They landed on the southeastern tip of the "Build Peace" province, an area that for most of the past two decades has been under undisputed Communist control. Ten days later, after a "search and destroy" operation through hamlet-clustered riceland and desolate mangrove swamp, the reinforced battalion of about two thousand Marines withdrew.

The results of the Song Than-Deckhouse V joint operation with two battalions of South Vietnamese Marines were statistically disappointing. Only twenty-one of the Vietcong garrison were confirmed to have been killed and fourteen captured against Marine casualties that were officially described as "light." Forty-one weapons and thirty-four tons of rice were seized or destroyed, along with two Vietcong field hospitals, a claymore-mine plant, and a hand-grenade factory.

Breaking the Deadlock

Yet the operation was a significant start to the war in 1967. It opened the long-heralded American war in the Delta—which may well have been the operation's raison d'être—and the Delta war is likely to be the big war in Vietnam this year. Following this operation, elements of the U.S. Ninth Infantry Division began moving into a permanent base in the Delta at My Tho.

If peace is to be built anywhere in South Vietnam, military and political authorities agree, it must be built most firmly in the Delta, the richest, most populous part of the country. Close to 7.5 million people, or roughly half of the national population, live in the Delta's fertile mud-and-water world, where they produce most of the nation's vital supply.

For years the Delta has been the Vietcong's chief domestic source of food, money, and manpower. In the heartland of the Delta, the IV Corps Area, eighty thousand Vietcong soldiers, at least a fourth of them tough main-force units, hold vast areas of the countryside. Government troops in the IV Corps—Regional Force and Popular Force militiamen bolstered by three regular divisions—outnumber the Vietcong by little more than two to one, an

unfavorable ratio for counterguerrilla warfare.

The result is a rough balance of power. "The Vietcong harass the government and the government harasses the Vietcong to just about the same degree, and neither one really hurts the other," said an American military adviser. Meanwhile, Communist tax collectors impose levies of up to sixty per cent on the rice crops that they control, and Vietcong recruiting sergeants drain the farm villages of an estimated forty thousand youths—draftees and volunteers—for military service annually.

It is to break this deadlock that brigade-size American forces are moving permanently into the Delta. Kien Hoa, the most populous Delta province (618,000), is a likely area for U.S. operations. Song Than-Deckhouse V thus constituted both a test case and a prelude. Brief though it was, it lasted long enough to demonstrate what military planners had suspected long before: the Delta war will be, if anything, uglier and more frustrating for American troops than the battles in the north have been. In the opening days, U.S. Marines inflicted accidentally on themselves more casualties than were caused by the Vietcong. And the largest single group of casualties received aboard the helicopter platform and hospital ship *Iwo Jima* was five Vietnamese civilians, three old people and a baby boy and girl, who had been seriously burned by a Marine grenade. American officers were regretful, but they were not surprised by either of these developments. "That," said a colonel, "is the Delta."

THE Delta terrain, difficult to describe to anyone who hasn't slipped or floundered through it, is one factor. Lushly verdant from the air, the riverine lowlands for the most part are neither land nor water but rather a gluey, pervasive mixture of both. The flat, sodden ground, nowhere more than ten feet above sea level and generally lower, is carved into broad expanses of rice paddy and laced with innumerable creeks, canals, and irrigation ditches, all of which rise and fall startlingly with the tides.

During the January operation, ships of the Marine amphibious force hovered ten miles or more offshore because of the broad sand flats that extend into the South China Sea. The big amphibious tractors, designed for either dry land or water, made it to the beach but had to be abandoned, helpless in the Delta's insidious mixture.

Large-unit warfare is next to impossible in such terrain, and the Marines operated mostly in platoon strength, moving along paddy dikes and the narrow tongues of inhabited raised land that extend through miles of paddy. Most units averaged less than a mile a day on land. The only real mobility was provided by helicopters, which shuttled platoons

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or companies over a tactical checkerboard of dry or semi-dry paddies.

Maneuvering was difficult in territory where neck-deep mud lay on either flank. One platoon that I accompanied was pinned down for close to an hour by half a dozen determined Vietcong with automatic weapons in a hamlet astride a hundred-foot-wide strip of high ground. The Vietcong could not be flanked and in effect had to fight only the first half-dozen Marines at the head of the platoon's extended column. They inflicted "moderate" casualties on the platoon and pulled out only

after heavy mortar and artillery fire had finally been directed onto their positions.

On the same day, the platoon was fired on in the morning by a second Marine platoon that was half a mile away across a paddy; in the afternoon, the same thing happened in reverse. Neither platoon could see the other through the Delta foliage, radio communication was intermittent, and each platoon had received Vietcong fire from the direction the other platoon was moving in. The surprising thing was not that the Marines shot at each other but rather that this time no casualties were caused by the firing.

"I thought Da Nang was hell, but compared to this it's heaven," grumbled a gunnery sergeant after four days in Kien Hoa. Most Marines who had served in the north agreed with him.

Human Obstacles

Another factor making this a tougher war was that the Vietcong, whose strength was estimated at five to six hundred local militia at the start of the operation, fought hard and skillfully when they chose to fight. "They told us before we landed that these Gooks lacked combat experience and training," one young Marine remarked. "I hate to think how tough they'll be once they get it."

When the Vietcong didn't choose to fight, they seldom had to. The Marines punished them in some contacts, but no large force was caught inside the loose net of Marine units moving from west to east toward the coastal mangrove swamp. Marine officers admitted that small units would have no real difficulty slipping through that net, though "they'll have to leave their goodies behind." Some goodies—arms factories, hospitals, and weapons caches —were found, but not as many as had been hoped for.

Along with mud and the rice that grows in it, Kien Hoa is rich in people, and it was this that lent the Delta fighting its most troubling characteristic. The shooting almost invariably took place in the midst of the bamboo villages that spilled over the high, dry ground where troops moved.

When the jets and snipers were quiet, the thatch-roofed hamlets with their grazing water buffalo and swarming piglets had an air of rural simplicity that made the armed men seem wildly out of place. But war was no stranger to the villages. Every cluster of dirt-floored huts had its communal mud-and-log bunker where the inhabitants took shelter when trouble threatened. Civil defense has long been a necessary part of the Delta's way of life. The Marines, recognizing that the bunkers were designed for shelter rather than as defensive positions, left them intact when they cleared the villages. But the Vietcong were ruthless, fighting from positions close by the civilian bunkers.

A Marine patrol, hunting an automatic rifleman who had harried and hurt their platoon all afternoon, was hit by automatic fire and a grenade on the outskirts of a hamlet. Running forward, a Marine sergeant saw a bunker with a homemade grenade lying near the entrance. He hurled his own white-phosphorus grenade into the bunker before running on, and the men behind him heard the screams of women and children. The five civilians thus wounded were taken by helicopter to the *Iwo Jima,* where the baby boy died. The three old people and the baby girl were scarred for life. Navy doctors also failed to save the life of a second baby girl hit by U.S. shell fragments, though they worked on the child for hours. "Sure, I'm sorry," said the young sergeant who threw the phosphorus grenade. "But our men were hit by a grenade from that position. I'd do the same thing over again."

"BUT HOW do we 'win their hearts and minds' when we can't help killing them?" pondered a Marine officer as the operation drew to a close. The question has been asked before in other areas of Vietnam, but it is nowhere so pertinent as in the Delta, where the population density ranges up to two thousand per square mile.

As a "search and destroy" foray into enemy territory, Song Than-Deckhouse V was not designed, of course, to win hearts and minds. As they moved through the villages, the Marines destroyed all substantial stores of rice because the rice might be used by the Vietcong. Unit commanders were responsible for deciding what else in the villages had potential military use. One foot-pedal sewing machine was blown up on the theory that the Vietcong could use it to make uniforms.

"They hate us," a gunnery sergeant said with conviction. "They're bound to hate us." In fact, the Kien Hoa villagers, many of whom

were seeing Occidentals for the first time in their lives, often reacted with timidity or terror to the apparition of the big-nosed giants with guns. When a youth, one-eyed but of military age, was pulled out for questioning as a Vietcong suspect, women wailed in protest and a tiny girl ran after the Marines shouting insults. A Japanese correspondent

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with a reassuring Asian face was surrounded by the anguished relatives. He knew enough Vietnamese to understand their questions—"Are the foreigners going to kill our Nguyen?"—and to try to reassure them. But the task was difficult. Interpreters on Song Than-Deckhouse V, as on almost any operation in Vietnam, were few and unskilled.

The Marines, not unnaturally, tended to be surprised on occasions when the barriers of fear and language did drop. Peering into a bunker, Staff Sergeant Ivan Reiner of the Bronx saw three elderly Vietnamese who motioned urgently to him to "hit the deck." Reiner moved on cautiously and survived a blast of automatic-weapons fire ten feet farther on. "What do you know," he marveled later. "They tried to warn me."

The Wrong Medicine

Psychological-warfare teams were active during the operation, though their effort smacked of last-minute improvisation. I saw one such Navy team that was assigned on short notice to use its tapes and loudspeakers to get through to Kien Hoa's civilians. The team's previous work had consisted of broadcasting surrender appeals to hard-core Vietcong military units in the north, and it had little time to rehearse or change its repertory. "What tape can we play them now?" the officer in charge wondered at one point after 250 civilians had been summoned out of their bunkers to listen to the show.

Most of the crowd headed promptly back to their bunkers when told they could leave. But to the team's surprise, one old woman lingered and approached them, pointing to a probably arthritic arm. *"Dao"* ("sore"), she complained. Others followed her, and within five minutes the team was surrounded by about thirty Vietnamese displaying open sores, cataract-shrouded eyes, and coughing babies.

Somehow through the fog of Communist propaganda and into this remote village, the news had penetrated that Americans in Vietnam treat and heal the sick. But the psychological-warfare team unfortunately didn't carry so much as an aspirin tablet.

The Atom's Challenge To the Coal Industry

BILL KOVACH and NAT CALDWELL

"WE STAND today on the threshold of an all-out fuel war," A. P. Funkhouser, vice president of coal and ore traffic for the Pennsylvania Railroad, said last fall. "The principal protagonists in this fuel battle will be coal and atomic energy. In preparation for this competitive struggle there can be little margin for error or false assumptions."

Characteristically, the warning was late. The battle is well under way and coal has already lost considerable ground to nuclear-power generators. The announcement last summer by the Tennessee Valley Authority that it plans to build the world's largest atomic generating station near Decatur, Alabama, was only the most dramatic development in the accelerating pace at which power production in the United States is going atomic. According to TVA's detailed calculations, in the first twelve years of operation the 2.3-million-kilowatt nuclear installation would cut costs under coal as a fuel by $100 million.

In Search of a Policy

The Atomic Energy Commission itself has been surprised by the growth of the private nuclear-power industry. In 1962 the commission was widely criticized for exaggeration when in a report to the President it estimated that atomic-power plants would be generating five million kilowatts by 1970 and forty million by 1980. Two years later this estimate was raised to between six and seven million for 1970 and sixty to ninety million for 1980. Last June, Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, AEC chairman, again revised the figures upward to ten million and from eighty to 110 million. Even these projections may turn out to be too conservative. Last month the agency announced, "More than fifty per cent of all the [plans for] new steam-electric generating capacity announced by U.S. companies in 1966 was nuclear." It predicted that half of the nation's electricity will be nuclear-generated by the year 2000.

Anticipating new and increased competition in the energy field, President Kennedy in 1963 ordered a comprehensive study of the nation's resources and needs. Including energy with food, shelter, water, and air as essentials of modern life, he directed an interdepartmental committee to survey research-and-development programs and to evaluate the Federal government's role in financing them. The champions in government of all types of energy fuels were represented, and they did not find it easy to agree. Publication of the report came last fall over two years after its completion, and its recommendations were limited. It cited four basic deficiencies it saw in current programs:

"1. Lack of a long-range, integrated plan for civilian energy R&D [research and development].

"2. Delay in initiating essential research with distant payoffs.

"3. Insufficient support of devices and systems whose promise has not been demonstrated.

"4. Neglect of certain 'old' resources."

The report fell far short of the mark. A contributor to the study, Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, said last September in a speech before coal-industry executives, "Should there not be some home in government for energy itself—not nuclear, or coal, or oil, or solar, or water—but all forms of energy, which, after all, is the ultimate raw material?"

On January 30, President Johnson seemed to answer this question affirmatively for the administration in his message to Congress on Protecting Our National Heritage: "The number and complexity of Federal decisions on energy issues have been increasing, as demand grows and competitive situations change. Often decisions in one agency and under one set of laws—whether they be

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regulatory standards, tax rules, or other provisions—have implications . . . for the total energy industry." To co-ordinate policy in the service of the nation's future energy needs and resources, he has not only ordered the Office of Science and Technology to sponsor a new study of energy resources but has also directed it to engage what could be the nucleus of a national energy body—a staff "to coordinate energy policy on a government-wide basis." Such a staff could be independent of special agency and industry pressures and for the first time could view the problem as a whole.

NOTHING more clearly establishes this need than the developing competition between coal and the atom. Until recently, few people inside or outside the coal industry recognized the potential seriousness of the problem. Even while deploring the "neglect of certain 'old' resources," the Presidential study group favored "a continued Federal research effort" in the use of thermonuclear as well as nuclear methods of producing power—an effort that can hardly be comforting to an old resource like coal.

In 1920, soft coal accounted for sixty-seven per cent of the energy fuels consumed in the United States. By 1959, oil and natural gas had taken away more than two-thirds of coal's market. Since then, however, the soft-coal industry has remained steady with an apparently firm claim to between twenty-one and twenty-two per cent. Coal production is rising along with the nation's energy needs, but the share of the market for energy and development of new products to make the industry competitive is not.

Until recently the coal industry's response to the threat of the atom has been inadequate. True, utility and coal companies have joined the railroad industry in its efforts to reduce transportation costs, which account for nearly half the cost of delivered coal. Unit trains—coal-only expresses that shuttle ten thousand or more tons directly to a single customer—are being improved and expanded. Extraction costs are being reduced by advances in mechanical mining operations.

Other efforts have been less constructive. The United Mine Workers of America's leadership has concentrated its efforts on a scare campaign. In an October issue the UMW *Journal* declared: "Our nation is currently facing a choice—a choice as to whether we will develop atomic power. We, as a nation, can plunge into the unknown dangers of the atomic age with undue haste. Or, we can proceed with deliberate caution, sure of our way at each step, protecting the lives and property of ourselves and our children." Playing on fears of nuclear energy, the *Journal* is filled with warnings about the hazards of the atom—ignoring the fact that since nuclear reactors were first built twenty years ago only seven deaths and 325 cases of overexposure have been recorded. A mild New York *Times* editorial calling for closer supervision of the transportation of fissionable material was reprinted by the *Journal* under the headline "Atomic Power Plants Threaten Lives of Millions of Americans." The problem of disposing of atomic wastes is also cited.

In the same *Journal* issue, the UMW opened another line of attack—political opposition to further development of the nuclear capacity. At the direction of UMW President W. A. (Tony) Boyle, the names of thirty-one UMW-supported members of Congress had an asterisk placed beside their names to note that they had voted in favor of nuclear-energy legislation. "Your international officials," Boyle wrote, "think that the men who represent coal districts in Congress are duty bound to protect the coal industry and the jobs of their constituents and the United Mine Workers of America do not intend to stand idly by while a bureaucracy in Washington destroys the jobs of many millions of citizens who depend upon the coal industry for a livelihood."

The *Wall Street Journal* took another line of attack in a recent editorial. On the grounds that TVA had already gone too far in public competition with private utilities, it questioned its entry into nuclear-power production and suggested that Congress investigate TVA's "uninhibited and unquestioned" growth. Other protests come from the National Coal Association and the National Coal Policy Conference. Such efforts add nothing to coal's competitive position, nor do they provide an avenue for future solutions. Their main purpose seems to be to retard the development of the new competitor.

Electric-power production accounts for about half the coal consumed in the United States (47.6 per cent in 1965), and the stability of the coal industry requires that it maintain this market or find new ones. TVA is coal's largest single customer, using five per cent of the annual output of the soft-coal industry, and the Authority's decision to go atomic is doubly threatening because it was taken in the very region where coal is at its competitive best.

Coal's Future

The decision came after a two-year feasibility study. TVA had invited bids for a nuclear-power plant, and a conventional coal-fired plant, matching the two forms of power production under conditions favorable to both for the first time. The results, when explained by G. O. Wessenauer, manager of power for TVA, surprised the coal industry: "The total cost of energy from the boiling water reactor plant delivered to the transmission system is estimated to be 2.39 mills a kilowatt-hour compared with 2.90 mills for energy from the lowest cost coal-fired plant that would meet system needs. The savings are estimated to be equivalent to $8 million a year during the first twelve years of operation, with the possibility of higher annual savings after this initial operating period." It was on the basis of such information, Wessenauer said recently, that he felt TVA had built its last coal-fired steam plant. If actual operation bears out the predictions (and TVA and the winning contractor, General Electric, have no doubt that they will), the spread of nuclear plants in the next decade will probably bear out the Atomic Energy Commission's forecast.

Following the TVA announcement and in response to the criticism received from representatives of the coal industry, Federal officials held a special two-day nuclear-power briefing for the National Coal Association and other interested parties at Oak Ridge last September in an

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effort to put the matter in perspective and to guide the industry's future action along more profitable lines.

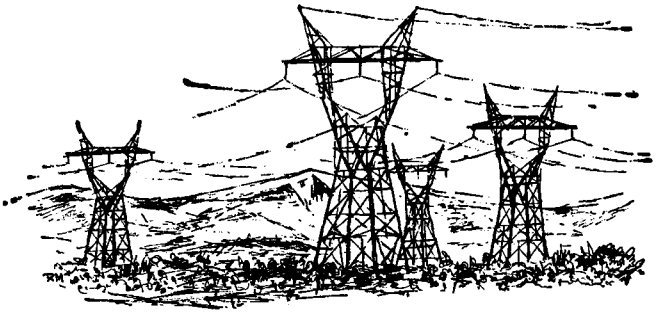
Coal's enemies, in fact, are many. They include the increased national concern about air pollution, agitation by conservationists for cost-raising reforms in mining to end stream pollution and surface destruction, and unpredictable shifts in preference by individual consumers. Nevertheless, coal, which accounts for about sixty-eight per cent of the nation's recoverable fuel reserves and forms the basis for the economy of entire regions, still can have a bright future.

As Alvin Weinberg told the Oak Ridge meeting, "It seems to me common sense, and in the interest both of the nation and of the coal industry, for coal to move into a vast and different market: liquid fuel especially for vehicles and organic chemicals." Research workers foresee the day when the power shovels that eat away the earth to get at coal seams will be replaced by plants that pump slurried or gasified coal to the surface and move it through pipelines to conversion plants, where it can replace or supplement petroleum and where new and varied products will be extracted. George Fumich, Jr., director of the Interior Department's Office of Coal Research, told an Appalachian audience that it will be "a native industry, based on native raw materials and fully utilizing our greatest asset—our native human resources. [Scientists] believe these developments are nearing realization and expect the first commercial coal-to-gasoline plant to be built in this country prior to 1975."

THESE PROSPECTS for the coal industry depend on research and development, and they may not materialize soon enough to compensate for atomic competition if the coal men do not speed up and expand their "R&D." The Presidential study released in November states: "The $375 million annual expenditure on oil and gas research contrasts starkly with the comparable figure for coal—about $22 million, a level that has remained relatively constant during the last ten years." For the same year (1963), $300 million was spent for nuclear research. Even though Federal funds accounted for almost all nuclear research, private industry invested more in that field ($90 million) than the coal industry invested in new discoveries and techniques for its own benefit. Only half of the $22 million was private, the rest being Federal. Weinberg saw this situation as a major weakness for the industry in meeting competition: "The coal industry is relatively fragmented, and I suppose I would say, less scientifically oriented than is the heavy electrical equipment industry. . . . It goes without saying that coal, in order to hasten the arrival of the time when liquefaction is economical, will have to devote more resources to research. Perhaps this will be done entirely within the coal industry—probably more likely through mergers between coal and oil companies."

Moves by oil companies and large corporations to acquire fossil fuel reserves are, in fact, under way and increasing steadily. They raise new questions about the future competition and development of energy fuels. Paul Callis, president of Tennessee Consolidated Coal Company, recently listed this drift into corporate hands of coal companies: Continental Oil's merger with Consolidation Coal; Gulf Oil's taking over of the Pittsburgh & Midway Coal Mining Company; Shell Oil's acquisition of C. H. Sprague, the country's largest coal exporter and a heavy owner of mineral rights in this country; Kerr-Magee Corporation's acquisition of coal reserves in eastern Oklahoma and Wyoming; Kennecott Copper's offer to buy Peabody Coal; and Texaco's recent feelers to acquire control of Island Creek Coal, the industry's fastest-growing volume producer. The new owners are continuing to produce coal and look on their investments as a hedge on the future. They also have the resources to greatly expand research. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall's order of January 27 charting the way for private leasing of Federal oil-shale lands adds another element to the picture.

ALL THESE developments—new competitors for coal, new demands for better health measures, changing consumer preferences, and the concentration of ownership of energy reserves—seem to call for a clear over-all development policy. The coal industry obviously cannot compete successfully with a nuclear foe that is favored by the investment of millions of Federal dollars; it might lose out even if that disparity were removed. Neither are oil and gas immune to these competitive forces. The demands for cleaner air may well put electric motors in cars and hasten the advent of all-electric homes, displacing oil and gas just as they displaced coal.



The 1966 Presidential report had the narrow focus of energy research and development, but it did point out that "in contrast to a field like defense, no government agency has primary responsibility for the civilian energy sector." Moreover, it concluded that "the long-range R&D philosophy must include appreciation of the necessity for the government to assume a new role —stimulus, catalyst, or sponsor, as appropriate—if implementation of the over-all program is to be assured." President Johnson's proposals for a new study and independent staff to co-ordinate national energy matters is at last moving the country in this direction.

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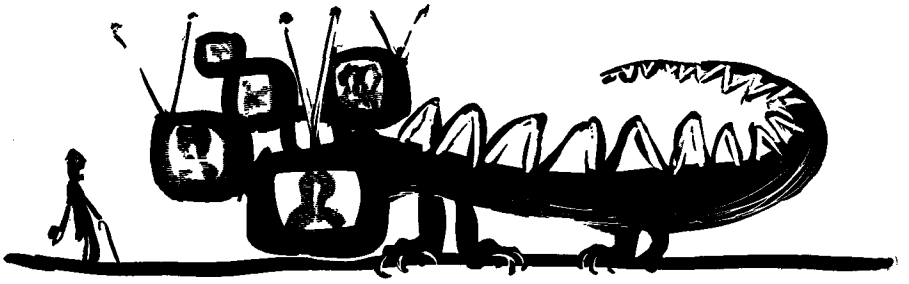

Finite Variety

SAREL EIMERL

It is, I believe, fair to say that Jack Paar introduced a new dimension into the relationship between the television set and people. Long before he appeared, television had practically destroyed social life. It entertained us, traveled for us, played games for us, and on Sunday afternoons did our thinking for us. But always the viewer felt himself to be on the outside looking in, until Paar revolutionized matters by crossing the classic nightclub act with domestic conversation. Surrounded by a coterie of regular friends and chatting to them, as we do to our own acquaintance, about their jobs, their wives, and their children, he made us feel as if we too were members of the group.

The situation was deliciously comfortable for the viewer. He did not need to bestir himself to the efforts required of a guest, nor worry, as a host must, about sudden collapses in the conversation or running out of ice cubes. It is true that he did not enjoy the privilege of joining in the conversation. But not all of us are that eager to talk, and besides, any such deprivation was more than counterbalanced by the quality of our new friends. How gay they were with their happy laughter and jolly badinage! How marvelously sophisticated with their easy references to Palm Springs and Cannes and having been backstage the night *My Fair Lady* opened! How vastly more chic than the creeps down the block who honestly thought that rushes have to do with running to catch a bus and had never so much as shaken hands with the Shah of Iran! Why bother to invite them in? Why go out? One day I heard a lady from Indianapolis remark, "Last week Jack Paar took us to London," and I realized that television had made a tremendous advance. It had not merely stopped people from having a social life; it was living that life for them.

For about a year I accepted without conscious question the common opinion that Paar's friends must be better informed, wittier, and more entertaining than my own shabby acquaintance. Then, gradually, it began to dawn on me that a considerable proportion of my new-found friends were tiresome bores, dull-witted and long-winded. But . . . celebrated show-business personalities bores? Surely this was madness. For some weeks I continued to mingle with them in a state of mounting tedium and alarm until, by sheer good fortune, just as I had begun to fear for my sanity, the television set broke down. That permitted a long convalescence during which I lapsed into the childhood habit of reading, of all things, books, and mixing socially with, of all things, real people.

But reading books wears out your brain cells and real people drink your whiskey, so last summer I returned to watching the late-night talk shows. It has been a most instructive experience. Except for a few minor variations, both Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin, side by side on Channels 4 and 5, have maintained the old Paar blend of nightclub act and domestic or clubroom chatter. They are both exceedingly talented, and I greatly admire them. Many of their acts are excellent and many of the guests are charming. Tony Randall is charming. Aliza Kashi is charming. Lynn Redgrave is charming. Henry Morgan is funny. Milt Kamen is fairly funny. Woody Allen is very funny. I happily concede that Carson/Griffin is one of the best shows on television. Nonetheless I still maintain that, for all Carson/Griffin's skill and enterprise as interviewers, the great mass of the show-business personalities who appear on the show are bores, and that the level of conversation they achieve is often matched in the neighborhood bar.

Why, then, watch the show? Well, I do so not for entertainment in the normal sense, but partly out of what has now developed into a morbid fascination with the psychopathology of the show-business personality, and partly out of an equally morbid curiosity to see how Carson/Griffin are going to handle the sludge of human vanity that is daily dumped in their laps. In one corner you have two men, both intelligent, reasonably well informed and quick witted, and, in the case of Carson, one of the funniest in America. In the other, you have the show-business personality. The engagement has about it some of the qualities of a bullfight but more of a conjuring

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trick. For its purpose is to confuse and mislead the viewer, sending him to bed convinced that he has just spent an hour and a half with a group of delightful and amusing people when in fact (with exceptions, granted) their only distinction lies in the possession of certain technical skills and that aura of glamor which still hangs about the performing arts.

THE BASIC FLAW in the conversation side of the Carson/Griffin show is that it operates on a false premise. It assumes that people who make their living by entertaining the public will themselves be entertaining and attractive people. Unfortunately this is simply not true. In the first place, the interests of the show-business performer rarely extend beyond his work. To him, the world outside is a mysterious wasteland, inhabited by strange beings who go to work in the morning, and existing primarily to provide him/her with jewelry, perfume, snappy clothes, tooth caps, and adulation. Occasionally he will attempt to discuss some subject, such as politics, which pertains to that outside world. When he does, he either enunciates platitudes or, in a desperate attempt to be funny, so distorts the facts that his comments are nonsense. But most of his conversation is confined to show business, with a little personal gossip on the side. And so night after night, when the performer has finished his routine and drops into his chair along Conversation Row, that conversation unflinchingly pursues the same course.

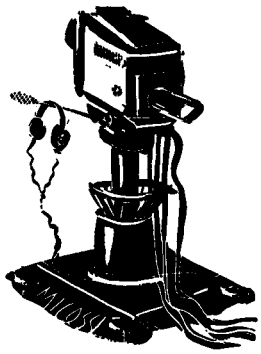
First the guest describes the movie he has just made, the record he has just cut, the play that has just opened on Broadway and is usually about to close—which is why the guest is appearing on Carson/Griffin anyway. Then there will be some family chat. Carson/Griffin ask after the guest's children. "They're just fine." "And how's Marjorie?" "She's just fine, too." "Give her my regards." "I certainly will." Then there will be some serious show-business shoptalk—the real inside stuff. If the guest is, for example, a Broadway actor, Carson/Griffin will ask him between one and four of the following questions:

¶ Does he get nervous before going on stage? Answer: Yes.

¶ Doesn't he find that playing the same role eight times a week, month in and month out, becomes monotonous? Answer: No.

¶ Is it fair that the fate of a show on which months of work and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended should be decided by a handful of critics who, apparently, are as venomous as they are half-witted? Answer (with some reluctance from the guests whose shows have been praised): No, it is highly unfair.

¶ How is it that very talented people can work for months on a show and still produce a lemon? Is it possible that perhaps they get too close to it, and lose their objectivity? Answer: Yes.



Finally, Carson/Griffin will inquire about the guest's plans, eliciting an obscure and rambling monologue about appearances at the Little Casino, and the Shoreham, and the Big Casino, and the Sands, and Basin Street East and Basin Street West. It always sounds exactly the same.

WHILE incessant conversation on any one subject is bound to become wearying, one might at least hope that experts discoursing on their work will occasionally say something illuminating about it. Experience demonstrates that when the expert is a show-business performer the hope is a vain one. As evidence, I quote what I believe to be a fair example of the level of intellect displayed. Richard Chamberlain, a most agreeable man and the star of the musical version of *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* was ruminating sadly over its fate, and was moved to expound on what distinguishes a hit show from a flop. The difference, he suggested, lies in an X factor, or, as he put it, a "mystical element." I would have been interested to hear how Sophocles or Molière or Shakespeare would have responded to that; possibly they might have suggested that Mr. Chamberlain's mystical element is usually referred to as taste and talent.

But what about the comedians? Being by profession funny people, they surely will be vastly livelier, wittier, and more entertaining than one's own friends. Once again, the expectations of logic are contradicted by experience, for, if one is to judge from those who appear on Carson/Griffin, most comedians are really not very funny. Their routines are frequently amusing, but apparently the task of composing those routines—or finding somebody else to compose them—must exhaust the comedians' contacts with the springs of humor. Most of the jokes which they essay from a sitting position are by professional need out of flimsy, and here again I quote what I believe to be a fair example of the genre. It came from a young comedian who was struck by a witty thought while Rossano Brazzi was describing the ghastly consequences of the Italian law forbidding divorce. "Merv!" he called out. "Merv!" and he waggled one arm frantically as if desperate for permission to go to the men's room. His excitation was so intense that "By God," I said to myself, "this one has got to be a corker." Finally the comedian engaged Merv's reluctant attention, and out came his witticism: "At least married people get to fight with people they know. Single people have to fight with strangers." All I can say is that if anybody had interrupted a conversation in my living room with a crack of that caliber, he would have been handed twenty cents and sent home immediately on the first available bus.

HOW THEN do the comedians sustain their reputation as humorists? Very largely by laughing a great deal. I once read—or more probably heard on Carson/Griffin—that Frank Sinatra sometimes gets to be so amused that he falls off his chair laughing. I have never actually seen

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anybody so overcome by laughter that he fell off a chair, nor in my own life do I ever see people laughing so hard at so little as they do on Carson/Griffin. Sometimes I am struck by the uneasy suspicion that the comedians—including Carson/Griffin—are not really as amused as they appear. Sometimes I think that maybe they are trying to infuse into the show an atmosphere of gaiety its content does not justify. In fact, sometimes I suspect that if it were not for their laughter, their double takes, and other facial expressions normally associated with the experience of humor, there would be absolutely no way to distinguish the comedians from the man who has just found the true taste in Chesterfield filters.

A few weeks ago David Susskind was good enough to explain to Griffin, and to those of us who live out in the sticks, that show-business performers are afflicted with very large egos. In itself, for David Susskind to complain, and apparently seriously, about the show-business ego constituted one of the most hilarious routines I've ever witnessed on Carson/Griffin, but there is no doubt that he was displaying his customary implacable grip of the obvious. The ego he described is revealed most strikingly in the comedians; for while actors may be vain and self-centered, they are accustomed to playing roles, and usually manage to disguise the boredom induced by having to listen to other people. It is when watching the comedians that you really come to comprehend just what the old *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* had in mind when it defined "ego" as "3. *Psychoanalysis.* The self-assertive and self-preserving tendency."

To OVERSIMPLIFY a little, but not very much, comedians can be divided into three main groups. First there are the very funny, very talented ones, like Woody Allen or Jonathan Winters, who seem to be thoroughly decent, straightforward and not in the least conceited, but whose interest is engaged so totally in their own mental processes that they regard anyone else's conversation simply as one long succession of potential cue lines. Then there are the comedians who are equally absorbed in self but not at all talented; and because their egotism takes such interestingly different forms, I will cite two examples of this subspecies, Sam Levenson and Joey Bishop. The degree of their egocentricity can be measured most accurately when they are acting as stand-ins for Carson and are therefore supposed to do some interviewing. Levenson's technique is to ask questions and then immediately provide the answers himself, in the form of anecdotes, many of them mercifully inaudible because they are drowned in his own appreciative laughter. His egotism is revealed in his monumental self-satisfaction. Bishop's emerges through a patina of simulated humility which totally fails to conceal a massive vanity, and which reached its apotheosis last summer in a dazzling performance as Uriah Heep when Bishop was allegedly interviewing Vice President Humphrey. How was it, he kept asking, that he, a mere comic, got to be talking with the VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES? "That's the American way, Joey," the Vice President might have replied, but instead he listened good-humoredly while Bishop continued to dissect and inspect his own emotions and state of mind. Hubert Humphrey listening! There could be no greater tribute to a comedian's conceit.

Still, while Levenson and Bishop are irritating and unattractive figures, there is no reason to suppose them unkind. This is much more than can be said for comedians of the Jack Carter-Henny Youngman-Jack E. Leonard type, who occupy the third and ultimate stage of the egocentricity spectrum. Their humor, or rather their performance, consists mainly of one-line gags which, in both content and manner of delivery, are a model of aggressiveness and hostility. Much of their performance seems to depend on the assumption that if an insult is repeated often enough and loud enough, it becomes funny, and to get their lines across, they do not hesitate to interrupt and shout down the other guests, or even their hosts. In normal society, such behavior would be considered abominably ill-mannered, and I see no reason why comedians should be exempt from the normal rules. So far as I can judge, almost all comedians suffer from a solipsist condition that must make them unsatisfactory as friends. But those who belong to Group 3 strike me as intolerable even as casual acquaintances because they use words primarily not as a form of communication or as an instrument of humor but to assert themselves and dominate the company; and their consuming hostility and aggressiveness make them consistently boorish.

WHO THEN is there left on Carson/Griffin worthy to replace a viewer's personal social life? Well, there are the women. But while they may serve excellently as singers and to break up what would otherwise look like a line of stags watching a blue movie, the women who appear on Carson/Griffin are sadly limited as conversationalists. Nor do Carson/Griffin, for all their liveliness and skill, seem able to do much to help. If the guest is a foreign lady, they ask her questions which as a woman she may be presumed competent to answer, such as, What is the function of the geisha girl, or Why don't Swiss women have the vote? Or Carson/Griffin will ask what she thinks of American men, to which the foreign lady will reply that they are charming and generous but that, on the other hand, they are rather childlike, unskilled in the arts of romance, and make the mistake of permitting themselves to be dominated by the womenfolk. And that is about it for the foreign ladies.

And the American women? They talk about their children, their clothes, their pets, and their show-business careers, and they do so with a garrulity that makes even the comedians appear tight-lipped. Some years ago, I discussed the problem of women and conversation with Bob Shanks, who was then talent co-ordinator for Jack

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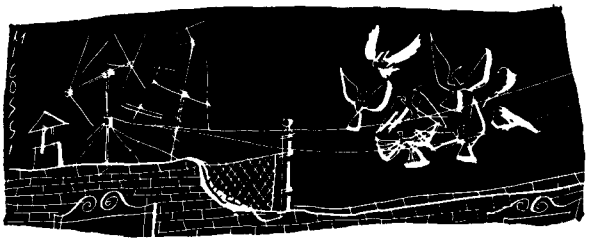
Paar and now produces Griffin. Mr. Shanks, a most intelligent fellow, observed that after interviewing hundreds of women, he had reached the conclusion that their garrulity stemmed in large part from a mysterious psychic failure in their selectivity mechanism. This may well be true of the great mass of women, but in my view the failure is particularly grave in show-business females. The very high gabbishness quotient of the average actress or songstress and her inability to stick to the point—any point—must be attributed partly to the high level of egotism that is endemic to the show-business personality. But in the women, the tendency to blather is exacerbated by a peculiarly intense degree of nervousness. One simple way to check nervousness is to count the number of times people say "you know," and my findings are that the average actress/songstress clocks in with more than two per sentence. The younger females indeed are habitually so nervous that they make me feel we would all be better off if about half their thyroids and adrenals were removed and kept in escrow until they reached forty. Possibly an excessive nervous bounce is an essential part of the female performer's personality. But the talkiness, the wriggling, and the nervous laughter it induces make her as unsatisfactory, in the role of companion, as the male actors and the comedians.

It is not difficult to understand why Carson/Griffin do rely so heavily on show-business guests. They need songs and comic routines, and it is natural that they should attempt to get additional mileage out of the singers and the mimes by by using them as talkers. And since many of the performers only appear on Carson/Griffin to plug a record or a show, they probably would not come unless they were permitted to talk. Most of Carson/Griffin's contacts must be with show-business people; no doubt they themselves feel most comfortable chatting with members of their own profession, and perhaps they also feel that a substantial proportion of the money available should go to people in the same racket. Probably they are afraid that nonperformers will freeze in front of the cameras—as many have—and obviously there must be a great temptation for them to rely on the old troupers who have consistently proved that they can be trusted to turn in a sound and moderately entertaining performance. And perhaps they also have union pressures to contend with.

But granted all these factors, granted Carson/Griffin's great skill at handling their guests and the tremendous difficulty of finding enough good talkers to fill up the show, one can still perceive in Carson/Griffin that hardening of the arteries which afflicts all institutions grown fat and prosperous. When Jack Paar was building his show, and in the search for a successful formula was obliged to experiment, he conducted a vigorous search for talent which, in addition to some prize bores, also turned up a few really superb talkers, such as Robert Morley, Peter Ustinov, and Alexander King. To any charge that the search for new talent is no longer being conducted with vigor, I suppose Carson/Griffin would reply, "Nonsense. Our doors are open to potential talent from ten to five daily." But much depends on the attitude of the talent spotters and what they are looking for. I believe that Carson/Griffin have at least compromised with the temptation to play it safe, not to tinker too much with the formula —and the personnel—that have proved successful. And I think they make a mistake. During the past few weeks, the guests whose conversation most entertained me have been Tony Randall, Gore Vidal, William Buckley up to a point, and, best of all, a former bellhop describing his techniques for squeezing money out of reluctant tippers. I think it significant that only one out of the four was a show-business performer, and I think Carson/Griffin should look harder—much harder—for other entertaining talkers whose lives are not circumscribed by show business.

For they do exist. To take only one of many examples, I remember listening to a salesman describing his techniques for peddling copies of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to suburban housewives who were resolved not to buy it. He was extremely funny; I am quite sure he would not have frozen on television, and I am equally convinced that somewhere in this great land there are hundreds of other such people who would lend Carson/Griffin humor, interest, and, above all, a desperately needed variety.



No doubt Carson/Griffin can get by indefinitely even if they continue to invite the same old show-business faces back and back and back. Carson certainly is in no trouble. Not only is he very funny; I also hear rumors that so many women are in love with him that locks of his hair are being sold at tremendous markups and even parings of his fingernails command a good price. But while the ratings may remain steady, I suspect that the level of the audience is bound to decline. Few of us want much intellectual stimulation late at night, and the monotony of the show-business dialogues is certainly an excellent counter to insomnia. And yet, when one thinks back over what seems in retrospect to be the same never-ending conversation . . . "No, I first recorded 'Blue Skies' back in 1936 with Benny Goodman . . . Yes, I get very nervous on opening night. What do you do about it? . . . I do pushups/yoga exercises/just hope for the best . . . Three weeks at the Little Casino, two weeks at the Sands, four weeks at Basin Street West . . . yes, Marjorie's fine, just fine. . . ." Surely there is a limit to how long it can continue to hold anybody who has an I.Q. of over 100 and is frequently sober.

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These Our Actors...

DEREK MORGAN

RARELY has an art form taken such a rapid and total change of direction as theatre did in England a decade or so ago. We were just settling down comfortably with the prose-poetry of Eliot and Christopher Fry (and the usual couple of dozen drawing-room comedies), when suddenly we were surrounded by Osbornes and Weskers and God knows what all, afroth in their various frenzies. In London, overnight it seemed, the theatre was in a breathtaking turmoil. It was apparent that the time was ripe for something important to happen, and for a while it looked as though Osborne might be the one to bring it off. But although he was a master of dramatic moment, it began to seem that he had less and less to say. Wesker, who *did* have things to say, never seemed to get the hang of good theatre writing. Then gradually we became aware of Harold Pinter and John Arden. Perhaps one of them. . . .

Pinter's *The Homecoming,* which recently arrived at the Music Box in New York, may still not be the great play we have been hoping for, but it is so brilliant as to make it excitingly clear that we may at last have a major dramatist in the English language once more. Certainly even a great playwright could hardly demand a higher standard of acting, direction, and *mise-en-scène,* for at this absorbing moment in the history of theatre the interpreting side of the craft in England has never been better. The Royal Shakespeare Company, directed by Peter Hall and with sets by John Bury, is superb.

WHAT "happens" in the play is that a professor of philosophy returns on a visit to his father's house in London after teaching for some years in the United States. He brings his wife, whom the family have never met before, into an all-male ménage consisting of his father (a lecherous, foul-mouthed ex-butcher), his uncle (a lecherous, seedy chauffeur), and his two brothers (respectively a lecherous, vicious little pimp and a lecherous, moronic boxer). She becomes for each of them a woman according to his own lights:

wife, slut, mother, and in fact, in each case, some mixture of the three. (The long-dead wife and mother of this brood of scorpions was herself available to gentlemen on the back seat of a car.) At the end they persuade her to stay with them, filling their various needs and earning her keep on the side as a prostitute while her husband returns to America. All this takes place in a room of monstrous proportions. And it is very funny.

With all the lecherousness, this is a household of blank sterility. So sterile that even the dirty little minds of its inhabitants are at some level aware of their utter pointlessness. The only thing that gives spice to their wretchedness is a precise knowledge of each other's weaknesses and a venomous expertise in playing upon them. Insofar as they are to be judged as real beings, they are that horror of evolution: a micro-organism at least vaguely capable of realizing that it is a mere micro-organism. It is a tale, as has been surmised, told by an idiot.

Logic does not exist in this household—a logical circumstance in a meaningless world. There are those stunning Pinter silences, prickling with nameless threat; bewildering swerves of thought; vaguely glimpsed meanings behind apparent banalities. A remark like "Somebody's taken my cheese roll" sounds a murderous battle cry into "the land of no holds barred." When Lenny (the pimp) tells his brother from America, ". . . there's no question that we live a less rich life here than you do over there. We live a closer life," the word "closer" takes on dimensions of menace and stark hate.

EVERYTHING in the play, in fact, seethes with different dimensions and levels. On the most apparent level it is an account of what happens in a cannibalistic male household when a woman comes into it—a woman who unconsciously yearns for straightforward carnal values (or lack of values) instead of the more civilized moral and intellectual values of her husband. There is little doubt about who will take charge of the situation after her first skirmish with Lenny. When he reaches to take away a glass she hasn't finished with, she says quietly, "If you take the glass . . . I'll take you." For all their boasts of sexual derring-do and for all their fiendish skill in lacerating each other, they are babies in her hands, and as the play ends the swinish and decrepit old father crawls to her on his knees, whimpering for a kiss.

But of course these are not simply people at all. They are also and simultaneously representations of human thoughts, emotions, and fantasies, swirling in a fatal dance. But there is so much we do not know and cannot guess. It is as though we had a box of chemicals without

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any labels on them and had to watch them being mixed in various combinations without knowing whether the compound would be an inert mixture of different dusts or blow up in our faces. Time and again the people, or representations on the stage, completely fail to make contact with each other, seeming to speak right through each other without being able to convey any message at all. Then suddenly—explosion!

There are further levels. At times a character will seem merely to exist in the mind of another character—a figure out of his fantasy world, serving only to play out one of his private dreams. Then, in a flash that leaves us stumbling, the positions are reversed.

These constant changes of aspect and interplay of levels rip unpredictably throughout the play. We are forever wheeling through a succession of images of reality and fantasy, of passion and dispassion. Teddy, the philosophy teacher, tells his father and brothers: "You wouldn't understand my works. You wouldn't have the faintest idea of what they were about. . . . It's a way of being able to look at the world. It's a question of how far you can operate on things and not in things. I mean it's a question of your capacity to ally the two, to relate the two, to balance the two. To see, to be able to *see*! I'm the one who can see. . . . You're just objects. You just . . . move about. I can observe it. I can see what you do. It's the same as I do. But you're lost in it. . . . I won't be lost in it."

And indeed Teddy is the one figure who does not get lost in it. Everyone else is involved in what occurs. But he watches calmly while his boxer brother rolls on the floor in a sexual embrace with his wife, and accepts with calm composure his wife's decision to stay behind as a whore. Everything—the huge room, his family, his wife, his past and present—it is all, on yet another level, in his mind. The whole play may well be a bad dream he is having one restless night back there "on the old campus." A dream of past and present, of a life divided between totally different worlds, of memories and fears and a kaleidoscope of strange imaginings.

It may be difficult for those who have never seen a Pinter play to believe that all this is extremely funny. Funny because of Pinter's wit, and eerie touch with improbabilities of speech, because of his unique cadence of pauses and preposterous remarks, of non sequiturs that come like pies in the face, held together by some dim mesh of hidden significances. And funny because after all these are not real people we are looking at, and their fights and ferments are so—well, bloody ridiculous.

And yet . . .

There is a terror in this clumsy room. Because while the characters may not be real people, they are recognizable ideas of people, and we seem to know them—or at least to have made their acquaintance in some vague dream of our own. And the terror is that no one belongs in this room—not people, not ideas of people, and certainly not us. The room is encrusted with the tawdriness of the characters' lives. They have knocked down a wall, dirtied the furniture, tried to arrange a way to fit. But the room is a record of their impotence. Obviously nothing of any importance whatsoever has ever happened or will ever happen in it. Alive and thinking things have no place here.

But, as we know, they and we get trapped, and must survive by making ourselves as much at home as we can. It's not much to live for. But Harold Pinter shows us that in some jackal way, without the grace of God, it may at least not be dull. And so, again, since death and defeat are the givens of our comedy, we laugh. Whether it is a sexual fantasy, a chemical reaction, the blind labor of a micro-organism, or just the restless dream of a faraway philosopher, this illogical but engrossing mystery is where we live at this brief moment in the twentieth century.

Outrider

My friend in the other room
riding his nightmare down, screams whoa
to a dream, and again screams whoa.
I can't sleep. I get up and go
to the window for air. And there are
stars bobbing silver and blue
above the harbor as the moon sails in,
and somewhere, far out of town, I hear
a low late passenger wind move on.
Before I turn to try again, I see
down the end of a long field, my friend
and his mare all shining now, clear
a dark obstacle and disappear.
I want to go. I want to go with him.

—Frank Polite

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The Once and Future Bernstein

ROLAND GELATT

FOR YEARS it has been a commonplace to characterize Leonard Bernstein as a vastly talented musician who cannot make up his mind. Should he be a conductor or a composer? An educator or an author? A Broadway man or a Carnegie Hall/Lincoln Center man? We have watched him debate these alternatives for something like two decades and have wondered whether they would ever be resolved.

Recently it seemed as if he had finally wrested a decision from that complicated psyche. Since his sabbatical season away from the New York Philharmonic in 1964-1965, Bernstein has been applying himself unstintingly to his career as conductor—and with such satisfactory results as to cause a radical reappraisal of his position in the musical scene. Within a relatively short period he has come to seem like a dependably great conductor and not just a sporadically inspired one. But with Bernstein it has apparently been a case of conducting more and enjoying it less. Last fall he announced his impending retirement (in 1969) as musical director of the Philharmonic—which puts us back where we started, repeating that commonplace.

Meanwhile, the recording engineers are working overtime to capture the Bernstein golden age for posterity. Not since the sunset years of Toscanini and the NBC Symphony has a conductor been so voraciously recorded. Every Bernstein performance, no matter where in the world, is almost inevitably followed by a session before the microphones. Whether it be Nielsen in Copenhagen, Verdi in Vienna, Mahler in London, or Ives in New York, the documentation proceeds at a furious pace. This season has seen the release of something like a dozen new Bernstein recordings, most of them outstandingly good.

TO BEGIN WITH, Verdi's *Falstaff*—the conductor's first complete opera on records and a score that goes hand in glove with his special aptitudes (Columbia M3S 750, stereo; M3L 350, mono; three discs). Bernstein is a master at the art of shifting tempos without jolting musical continuity, and in this most mercurial of operas there are swift and subtle tempo-rhythm changes from beginning to end. Backstage after one of the Bernstein-led performances of *Falstaff* at the Metropolitan in 1964, the conductor could be heard in his dressing room hammering out on a Knabe upright the magical transition (he calls it the "divine moment" in the opera) which leads from Ford's outburst of jealous rage to the mincing tune that accompanies Falstaff's return to the stage. That night the passage had not gone entirely to Bernstein's satisfaction, and it is indicative of his passion for the opera that he was still trying to perfect it long after the curtain had gone down.

His scrupulous attention to myriad details of this order, coupled with his unfailingly apt regard for the lyrical line of the work, lifted Bernstein's *Falstaff* far above the Metropolitan norm. There was some talk at that time of consigning the performance to records, but various contractual problems made it impossible. Instead we have a recording taped after a series of performances at the Vienna State Opera last March. In many respects it repeats his earlier triumph. The surging flow that makes an entity of a scene, the nimble articulation of Verdi's scampering orchestral byplay, the precise muscular attacks, the carefully judged shifts from tempo to tempo (here the "divine" transition is timed to perfection), the razor-sharp clarity of ensemble—all these live up to expectations. Indeed, the orchestral execution is superior to that of the New York performances, the Vienna Philharmonic being a more accomplished body of players than the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra—though the Wagnerian sound of the Vienna brass is probably not what Verdi had in mind.

Still, with all its considerable virtues, the recorded *Falstaff* is not so overwhelming as those Metropolitan performances of three years ago. There are two reasons. In the first place, the Vienna singers are not quite up to those with whom Bernstein worked at the Met. There, for at least some of his performances, Bernstein had the incomparable Falstaff of Geraint Evans, whose warm, witty, aristocratic characterization is one of the great glories of the present-day lyric theatre. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Bernstein's Vienna Falstaff, cannot compare. His explosive, boorish conception of the part is noticeably short of charm, and the timbre of his voice simply is not full enough. The lovers, Nannetta and Fenton, are also below par. This still leaves the majority of roles well accounted for —and in the case of Regina Resnik's Quickly and Rolando Panerai's Ford, considerably more than that —but over-all the marginally inferior casting takes some of the edge off Bernstein's efforts.

The second reason for this recording's lesser impact has to do with perspective. At the Metropolitan, Bernstein's galvanic work was judged against the prevailingly

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #162

Acrostician—

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

	C	O	N	F	E	D	E	R	A	T	E	S		
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mediocre conducting heard in that house. On records the comparisons are more demanding. Here the new version must be weighed against a well-conducted interpretation by Georg Solti with a classic cast (Evans, Simionato, Merrill, Freni, Kraus) and a classic interpretation by Toscanini with a fair-to-middling cast (both from Victor). Each set has points in its favor. If you idolize the opera, you will want to own all three. I should add that the Vienna recording is technically excellent and that the booklet supplied with the records has a ridiculously "free" translation of Boito's text.

When it comes to the music of Mahler, comparisons with other recordings fade into insignificance, for Bernstein takes the measure of this composer more successfully than any other conductor of our time. His sympathy for Mahler runs so deep that one is tempted to search out some common spiritual denominator linking the two composer-conductors. Perhaps it can be found in the fact that both are romantics beset with the perplexities and complexities of our century.

In the case of Mahler this takes a word of explanation, considering that his music is so obviously rooted in the aesthetic traditions of the nineteenth century. Many romantic hallmarks are of course to be found there: the elfin, never-never land of German folklore, the fantastic moods of rampant nature, the radiant yearnings of pure love, the hero's valiant striving against fate. But along with these traditional glosses, Mahler introduced a new note of vulgarity, of ugliness, sometimes even of banality. He had the soul of a romantic but the hard vision of a realist, and he could not help but view life from two standpoints. As the English writer Deryck Cooke puts it, "If half of him was a romantic, the other half was that characteristic twentieth-century figure: the restless seeker for the naked truth (whether 'beautiful' or 'ugly'), ridden with doubt and perplexity, ill-at-ease in an unfriendly cosmos." Is it going too far to suggest that Bernstein shares the same inner conflict and that his sympathy for the music derives at least in part from his sympathy with the man?

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Whatever the reason, he conducts Mahler magnificently. Here again he is dealing with almost incessant shifts of tempo, and here again he executes them with a persuasive sense of spontaneity, punctuating Mahler's long utterances into taut and clear discourse. Moreover, no matter what orchestra he conducts, Bernstein manages to conjure the proper Mahlerian sound, from snarling brass *fortissimos* to the droopy, doom-filled sigh of muted strings. All this re-creative gusto is brought to bear in the Bernstein-New York Philharmonic recording of the Seventh Symphony (Columbia M2S 739, stereo; M2L 339, mono; two discs), which has turned the composer's least-known score into a best seller. Its new popularity is easy to fathom. The Seventh is a treasure house of melodic fantasy and brilliant orchestration, but it needs direction of flamboyant drive to knit it all together. Bernstein makes it go with superb sweep. I find myself returning to this recording often, discovering new delights at each replaying.

I wish I could show equal enthusiasm for Mahler's Eighth, the so-called "Symphony of a Thousand," but here even Bernstein's advocacy cannot shake me from the conviction that the piece is too long and too loud. Anyway, the new recording—made in London with a fine set of solo singers—is assuredly the best there is, both technically and artistically (Columbia M2S 751, stereo; M2L 351, mono; two discs). Infinitely more to my taste is the Bernstein recording of *Das Lied von der Erde,* this time with the Vienna Philharmonic and soloists James King and Fischer-Dieskau (London OS 26005, stereo; OM 36005, mono), an interpretation that is sure to become the definitive statement of Mahler's bittersweet hail-and-farewell to life.

Other recommendable Bernstein issues of recent vintage include the Brahms Third, a pair of Haydn's "Paris" symphonies (Nos. 84 and 85), and Debussy's exotically Technicolored *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien.* In them all, one senses the commitment and vitality that have made Bernstein such a satisfying conductor of late. It's a shame that he wants to quit.

BOOKS

A Maimed Generation

ROBERT SKLAR

THE AMERICAN 1890s: LIFE AND TIMES OF A LOST GENERATION, by *Larzer Ziff. Viking. $7.50.*

For writers and poets, the American 1890's was a tyrannous age. It gave each man a simple choice, as John Jay Chapman said: "Perish or play the game." The roster of the dead and wounded comprises a literary Who's Who of the time.

Harold Frederic was the first to succumb, in 1898, at forty-two. But as the new century opened, the decade really began to take its toll. In the spring of 1900 Stephen Crane died of tuberculosis at twenty-eight and Chapman himself, at thirty-eight, was paralyzed by a nervous disorder. In 1902 Frank Norris died of appendicitis at thirty-two and Sarah Orne Jewett was incapacitated by cerebral injuries when thrown from her carriage. Trumbull Stickney, age thirty, died of a brain tumor in 1904, the same year Kate Chopin died, so it was said, of a heart broken by literary disappointments.

Theodore Dreiser suffered a nervous breakdown and neither of the age's giants, Henry James and Mark Twain, came through completely unscathed. Mr. Ziff claims the title "lost generation" for the writers of the nineties, but it was not so much lost as it was maimed or decimated.

So many untimely deaths so concentrated in time, so broad in selection—if this was merely chance, the end of so much youth and promise seems simply meaningless. But what could connect them, could give them meaning? Psychic or social or economic causes so comprehensive in their destructiveness are hardly more tolerable than chance. Tragic flaws are far easier to accept in isolated individuals than in a society, especially an affluent yet troubled American society not so far different from our own.

The American 1890s does not probe for the causes of tragedy so much as bear witness, as accurately and dispassionately as possible, to the separate individual tragedies suffered by the generation of the nineties. Ziff's history is very good of its kind, and its kind represents much that is best in present-day American literary scholarship. It is subtle in style and modest in tone, sympathetic toward all forms of life and literature yet sentimental about none, undogmatic yet precise in its literary judgments. *The American 1890s* is a book that both pleases and teaches.

ZIFF's broad approach to the literature of the nineties is more illuminating about minor works of art than about major, more penetrating into the character of writers and poets than into their artistry. These are limitations of form; the more serious limitations of *The American 1890s,* as of its kind, are the limitations of its virtues. Ziff's quite admirable restraint and dispassion prevent a deep penetration into the life and times of his decimated generation. Many of the greatest studies of American literature, curiously, are willful, passionate, deeply committed books, occasionally biased and sometimes wrong; yet it may take the insight of passionate commitment to reveal the peculiar role that literature has filled in American society.

The Gilded Age in America demanded special services from literature, different from the romantic age preceding it and the modern age to which it gave way. The nature of its demands produced a generation of dismal literary failures—failures among those who played the game as well as those who perished. Yet *The American 1890s* finds flaws, whether of character or artistry, only in individuals. As a successful mode of confronting the decade's problems, Ziff points to the settlement work of Jane Addams, and suggests

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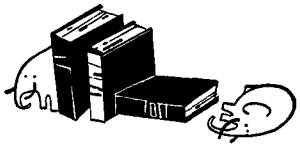
that her methods would have worked for writers too. He quite overlooks the fact that American society made different demands of its literature and its social work.

The question "What is literature?" is never simply a question of writers' aesthetics, or their approach to reality. The meaning of literature cuts to the core of the values, structure, and psyche of an age. With society changing rapidly, and traditional religious and social philosophies breaking down, America in the Gilded Age embodied its values in codes of behavior, and gave literature the task of defending and propagating accepted ways to behave. Innovation and rebellion in literature thus became not simply aesthetic developments but attacks on basic social values, and so they had to be suppressed. Under such pressures, it is noteworthy not that so many perished but that any of them refused to play the game and still survived.

Ziff rightly gives over his final chapter to Theodore Dreiser, the great survivor, the phoenix who rose up from his maimed generation and lived on into our own times. Dreiser rejected the codes of behavior, but he did not simply reveal new forms of behavior, as Ziff suggests; he uncovered the old values that lay frozen in the codes, and gave them to his characters, if not to live, at least to dream.

The capacity to dream, to envision other possibilities—though not to articulate or attain them—made Dreiser's characters different from those in other novels of his generation, and accounted for the particular passion with which Dreiser was opposed. His novels were battlegrounds of passion within themselves, and in the literary and social worlds outside; and it is not too much to say that his willfulness and passion kept him going when others faltered. The nineties are a period in American life and literature for which modesty and restraint, for scholars now as for writers then, do not suffice; unless our critical intelligence is significantly deepened by insights of passionate commitment, the life and times of the decimated literary generation of the nineties can be only partially grasped.



Mistimed Passion

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

A GENEROUS MAN, by Reynolds Price. *Atheneum. $4.95.*

The latest Reynolds Price novel, *A Generous Man,* begins well. Rosacoke Mustian, the heroine of *A Long and Happy Life* but younger in this book, is trying to break in on her brother Milo's sleepy reminiscence of last night's great event: his first fornication. Downstairs, their younger brother Rato is grieving over his sick dog, Phillip. In the fairgrounds, Milo's girl Lois is tending her snake named Death. Within seventy pages Death has slithered into the woods, with Phillip and Rato in hot pursuit. Soon, half the town of Afton is on their trail, and the reader settles down to a mock-heroic hunt which will bring Milo to manhood —a sort of comic fantasia on Faulkner's *The Bear.*

Entertaining as the opening scenes are, they contain danger signals. Later in retrospect, we can see that Price had been preparing a story less reminiscent of Faulkner than of such bottom-drawer Robert Penn Warren as *The Cave.* As the humor becomes more witless ("I'm named for Milo the old Greek wrestler." "He one of the fellows wrestles in Raleigh every Saturday?"), the confessionals get more operatic, and Price starts packing the most neutral descriptions with Significance ("the lady . . . was silent now—having opened her life like a vein before them").

When the hunt begins, Price falls from imitating Faulkner and Warren to aping that champion celebrant of the Golden Bough, Tennessee Williams. On comes Sheriff Rooster Pomeroy, the Bantam Apple King, to instruct Milo in the delights

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.163

by HENRY ALLEN

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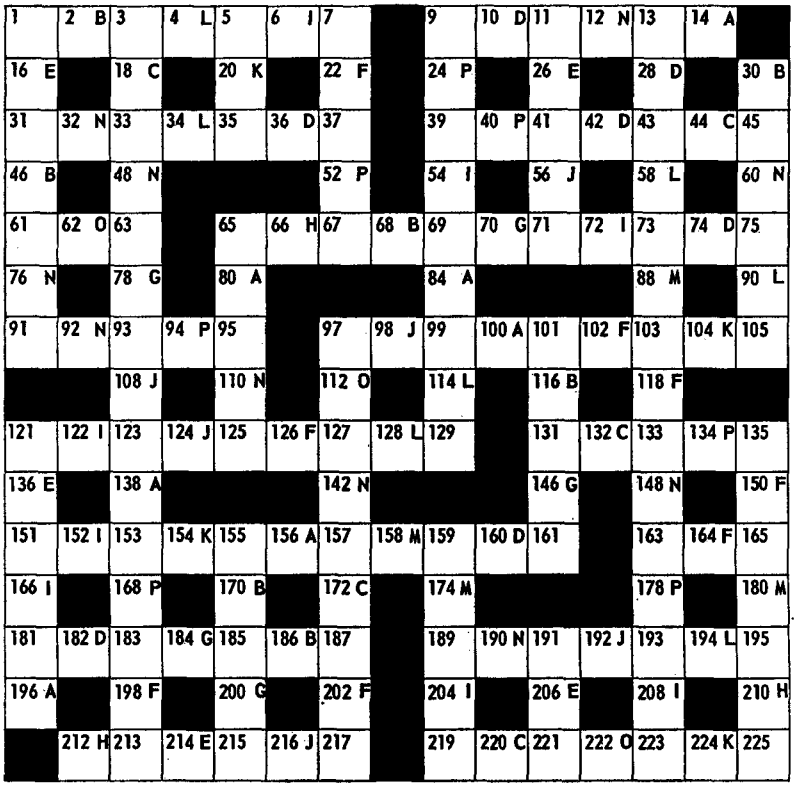
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 138 80 84 156 100 196 14 Famous work by John Lyly.

B 46 2 30 186 170 116 68 Brazen a situation (4,3).

C 18 132 220 172 44 "I am____ and lecherous." Shakespeare, "King Lear."

D 182 42 36 74 160 10 28 Disappear completely; die.

E 26 136 214 16 206 An official expounder of Moslem law.

F 198 202 102 22 150 126 164 118 Indian landowner.

G 200 78 70 146 184 Become liable to.

H 212 66 210 "Striving to better, oft we ____ what's well." Shakespeare, "King Lear."

I 208 152 122 166 72 6 54 204 Queen of the Iceni.

J 124 98 56 108 216 192 Rising light of morning.

K 20 104 224 154 Deficiency.

L 194 4 114 34 128 58 90 Any of two or more forms of the same element.

M 158 88 174 180 Trade.

N 148 12 142 76 48 110 60 92 190 32 Current vehicle of the Acrostician.

O 222 112 62 Poke.

P 168 178 52 24 94 40 134 A pawl.

ACROSS

1. World War II cartoon character in the bag? (3,4).
9. As about Tess up to worthwhile things.
31. Beginning with a letter.
39. Pull together at sea and throw at first (5,2).
61. Vehicle for the Acrostician.
65. Casts Pa into what things transpired earlier (4,7).
91. A dark thing.
97. Antic chop or hamburger? (3,2,4).
121. Father and son or length of life for the old-timer? (3,3,3).
131. It's to his credit to be an Italian composer.
151. Cut off the vessel or tie it up? (4,3,4).
163. Owns part of a rich assortment of jewels.
181. Student begins with Shakespeare's hero.
189. Philosopher of a limited nature in "Hamlet."
212. The shape I have or the grade I'm in? (2,4).
219. Make endure when it's no object.

DOWN

1. A broken fist on the fen will make one rigid.
3. Taking a car to the madhouse? (7,3,5).
5. Easterner in general inspection trip.
7. No breeks for the skit for fifty.
9. Cheat? Pay nothing for such a gimcrack (1,5,3).
11. Fashionable trams.
13. Potencies in existence? (3,6,4,2).
30. Corsets are out, my pet.
65. Inset to have tin up (3,2).
97. A germ cabal may require a long-range message.
101. Like 65 down, but hoist (3,2).
121. Confusion when slime comes first.
135. Trip, son, it's all for the game (2,5).
155. Mann hero of the "Gift to Niobe"?
159. Amusing sunken fences.
191. Adam lost one.

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of maturation. The plot requires that the Sheriff gather his posse and demonstrate the technique of hunting twenty-foot pythons and rabid dogs, but Meaning depends on the Sheriff's Lifemanship:

"Use what the good Lord give you *now,* and use it every chance the day provides—Hell, day *and* night—till it's wore to a nub and that'll be before you have hardly got started. Son, I *know.* Thirty-nine years ago when I was fifteen, I could of bored through hickory wood with the auger I had and I *wanted* to, but I listened to my Mama and got religion and let shoals of women go streaming by . . . I waited and did my duty by God and my Mama, and then she died ten years ago, and I got married to girl seventeen. . . . Too late, too late."

Because the Apple King is impotent and fifteen-year-old Milo is a sturdy knight, the Sheriff hunts Death alone and sends Milo home to fill his grail.

IN THE REST of the book, by alternating copulation with oration, Price discovers the literary equivalent of post-coital letdown. The novel's big scene, in which Milo learns the meaning of love from the Sheriff's hungry wife, is an unconscious parody of Williams's *Orpheus Descending.* Here the novelist's greater freedom serves merely to highlight the vulgar pretentiousness and the synthetic poetry of his model.

These pages must be read to be believed, but a few events may suggest their quality: When Milo comes to the Sheriff's door, his wife, Kate, faints because he resembles her long-lost love, Tommy Ryden, Milo's cousin. Milo revives her, and in gratitude she invites him to bathe away the dirt of the snake hunt. In her tub, the young man converses so flamboyantly with his "proud standard" that it marches off prematurely. Nevertheless, knights can perform miracles (Milo speaks of himself as "handing out stuff like the whole Red Cross, like loaves and fishes to people on the hills"), and his union with Kate is a prodigy of self-replenishing virility. After all that lovemaking, of course, Kate confesses her mistimed passion for Tommy Ryden. Like Milo, Tommy Ryden was a young god, but Kate, younger then, was afraid to give herself. In Milo's arms, she resurrects her lost opportunity.

Meanwhile, back at the snake hunt, more exposures. One of the posse, Yancey Breedlove, is a lecher whose marriage has made him meanly envious of those males still free to roam the woods. He is an example to be shunned. Selma Provo, the snake's owner and Lois's aunt, tells Milo's family of the tragic waste in *her* love affair with Tommy Ryden. She is a warning to be heeded. In the woods, Milo is led by Tommy Ryden's ghost to a treasure which will recompense all those who have erred and lost in the past. Delivered from the coils of Death, with the Sheriff's lesson in his mind and Kate's love in his blood, Milo is now ready to become the title's generous man.

The reeling reader may suspect by now that Price's book is the year's major hoax. But it is all quite earnest. In the last fifty pages, the characters recite their lessons.

Selma:"I had lived without love for twenty-two years. Oh it can be done—to live without love. Right now there's people that do, I guess. There's people that live at the North Pole too—named Eskimoes."

Milo: ". . . the worst thing of all is not paying your debts—and paying in time; . . . you got to give people what they need *in time,* not years too late when they've famished and fell."

And the author's Grand Lesson: "Givers and takers need not be separate, can be two joined hands locked yet shifting, each becoming the other awhile (if the gift from one hand at least is love—the attempt to accept, forgive, pledge shielding)."

A Long and Happy Life was a slight, charming story of Rosacoke's attempt to win the fornicating motorcyclist Wesley Beavers. By centering the action in Rosacoke's perception and by letting her speak and behave in the artless manner of a simple girl, Price affectingly portrayed the way love feels. The critics then inflated the author by asserting that he not only portrayed love but had something profound to say about its essence. Unhappily, Price seems to have read their notices.

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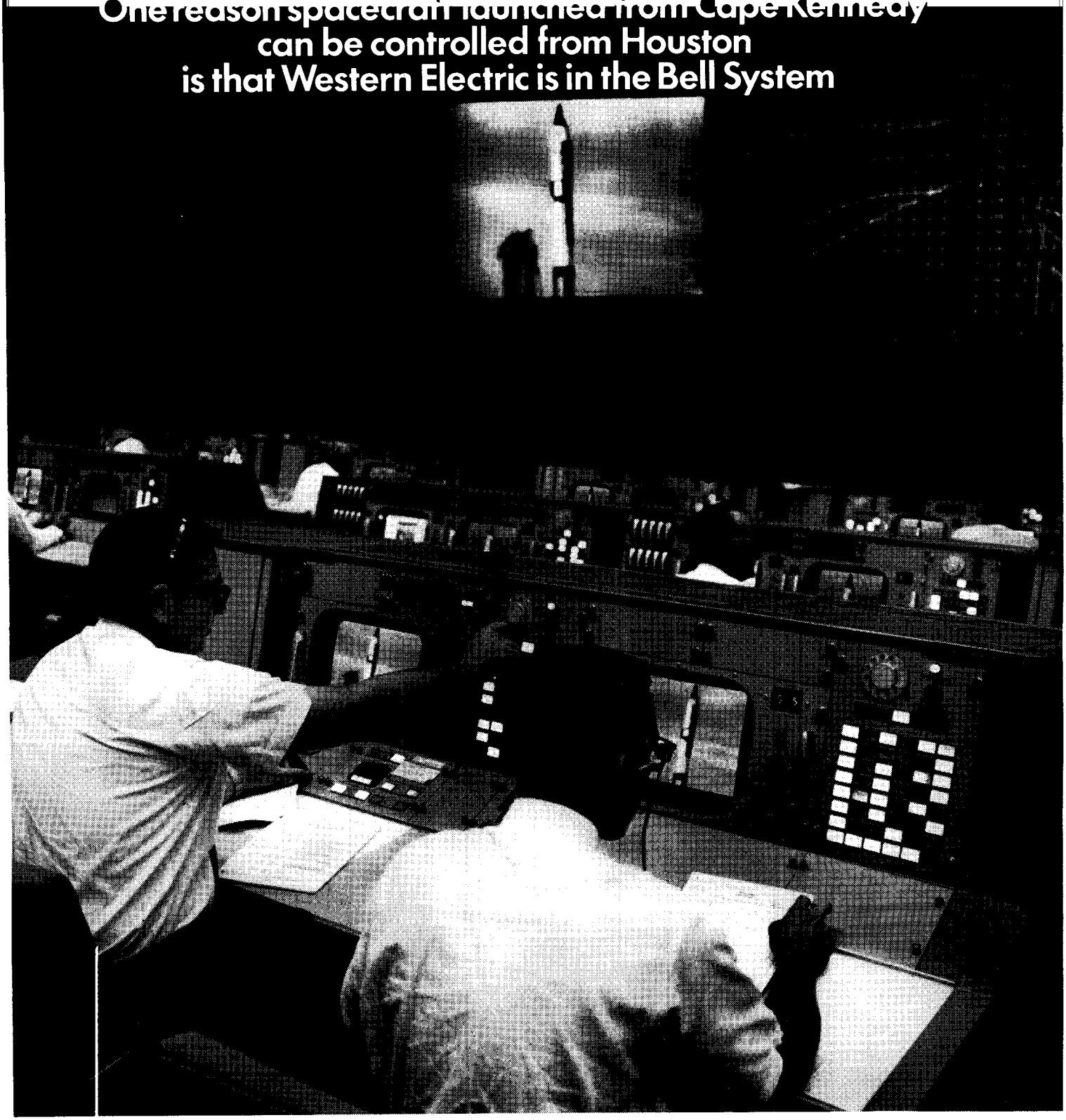

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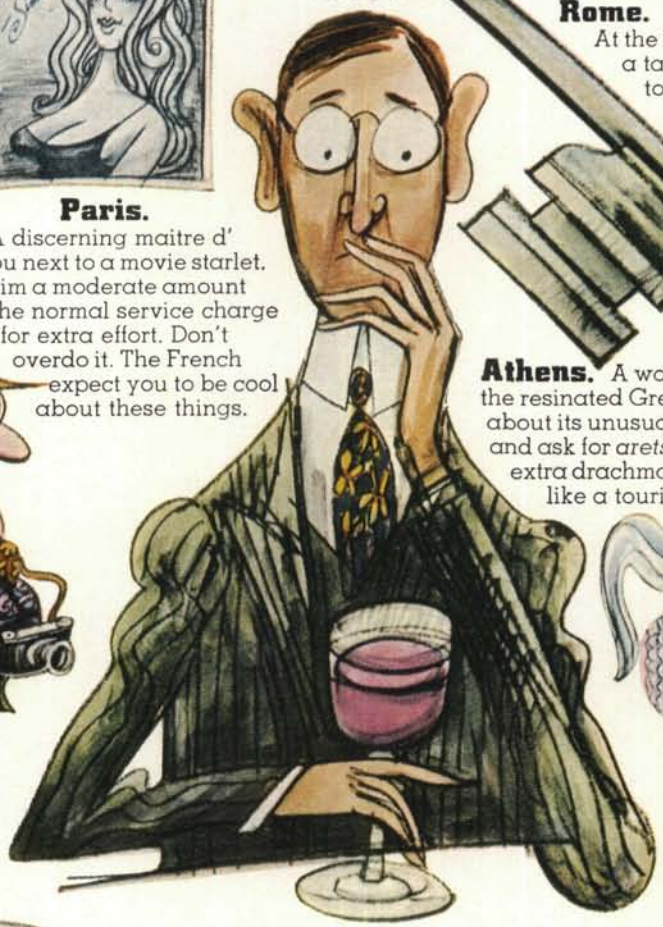
Paris.
A discerning maitre d' sits you next to a movie starlet. Give him a moderate amount over the normal service charge for extra effort. Don't overdo it. The French expect you to be cool about these things.

Athens. A waiter brings you *retsina*—the resinated Greek wine—without warning you about its unusual taste. Taste it, smile knowingly and ask for *aretsinato*. And reward him an extra drachma or two for not treating you like a tourist.



Tel Aviv.
Tipping is not always the answer here. Some Israelis even resent it. But American cigars are very popular. Offer one as thanks for extra service and watch the recipient light up.

Cairo.
Your guide talks you into taking a camel ride to see the Sphinx. Give him something for good salesmanship. But don't be vindictive. One look at a camel and you should have known better.

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